

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 245.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

[VOL. X.

THE OLD WITCH-HOUSE AT SALEM.



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WHEN you go to Salem, enter by the Old Boston Road. On your left is Witch Hill, the highest ground in the neighborhood. A number of tanneries stand along the base of the hill on the side of the thor-

oughfare, while a collection of houses of the poorer sort ascend the eastern acclivity. The south and west faces show an escarpment, and remain in the state in which Nature formed their jagged sides. In appearance the ele-

vation offers no essential difference from a range of its fellows, which trend away northerly in their course toward the Merrimac. The summit contains a tolerably level area of several acres, the soil being so scanty, how-

ever, that Old Mother Earth seems much out at elbows, her bare ribs showing through the holes in her green garment. Standing here, where the executions took place, we might expect a blight to have fallen on the field of blood. Nevertheless, a hardy pioneer, whose house stands on the topmost point of the hill, was at the time of my visit gathering a crop of excellent turnips. It is needless to add that the outlook, embracing a varied landscape, fills the eye, charms the senses, and is destructive of all such horrible imaginings as the associations of the spot might seem to warrant.

Beneath is the brown old town, its steeples thrust upward, seeking heaven much as the old divines would have pushed their way into the celestial gates. Staid, thrifty, and a world to itself, Salem, you would say, had retired from active business, and was living on the accumulations of the past. Here is a broad street shaded by fine trees, with substantial square mansions, constantly repeated, and each giving the other ample elbow-room. Yonder, again, the way follows the sweep of the harbor, where rotting wharves and dismantled hulks tell their own story. Taken altogether, Salem bears a strong family resemblance to Newport, of which a certain puzzled traveller remarked: "Well, this is the only place I was ever in where they build old houses!"

Now, back to the town; fix your gaze on the hills, clothed in autumnal tints, among which nestles the little village where, in 1692, began that tragedy, the *finale* of which was enacted where we stand. It is a quiet little neighborhood to have made such a noise in the world, but somehow enterprise avoids it, and has left it as you see, cold and lifeless. How sombre the old houses look, that have stood these many years, and how conscious their gray walls seem of the secrets they keep! Never have I happened on such a collection of ancient dwellings, or a nook so well in keeping with old New-England life.

The highway takes its course through the village, furnishing its single street, and then, stretching away toward Andover, disappears among the hills. Through this artery the infection spread until, as we learn, there were forty men of Andover could raise the devil as well as any astrologer.

Step by step you pass from scene to scene. The present meeting-house stands near the site of the tunnel-roofed structure of '92, with its quaint little belfry fixed on the apex, so that the bell-rope hung exactly in the middle of the broad aisle. In this church Parris, in whose family witchcraft had its origin, at this time preached. *A propos* of this high-priest of witchcraft, I saw at Harvard a "Body of Divinity" with Parris's name on the fly-leaf, looking as if it might have been written yesterday, and penned as fairly as were his minutes of the examinations of his miserable parishioners. In the college-grounds Calef's book was burnt by order of the then president, Increase Mather. It was a satire on witchcraft, entitled "Mere Wonders of the Invisible World." In Massachusetts Hall is hanging a portrait of Governor Stoughton, chief-judge during the witchcraft trials—the same who founded one of the halls at Har-

vard known by his name. Of all the figures in this wretched business, his is the most inflexible. While most of the other actors experienced contrition in after-times, he never exhibited any remorse. It was he who, after commencing a session of his court, worthy to be classed with Jeffrey's "Bloody Assizes," on hearing that some of the condemned had been reprieved by the governor, left the bench, exclaiming as he went: "We were in a way to have cleared the land of these. Who is it obstructs the course of justice I know not. The Lord be merciful to the country!"

Would that those to whom the devil appeared in *propria persona* had possessed a spark of the courage of old Ignatius Loyola, who, when Satan came and interrupted his prayers, as often cudgeled him soundly and drubbed him away! But it was a universal reign of madness, and nothing was too incredible to be believed.

In the old meeting-house, and at Deacon Ingersoll's, hard by, the first examinations were held. A little farther on we come to the ground where the parsonage with the lean-to chamber stood. Traces of the cellar are still to be seen, and some relics of the house itself are existing in the barn and out-buildings of the Wadsworth House, which overlooks the "Witch-Ground," and was built in 1785, the year the old parsonage was pulled down. In the Ministry House, as it was then called, the Circle met, whose denunciations overspread the land with desolation and woe.

Around us are the homes of the "possessed damozels" and the dealers in sorcery: of Ann Putnam, only twelve years old, whose testimony sent many to the scaffold; of Rebecca Nurse, one of the salt of the earth, whom the jury could not find it in their hearts to condemn, and so pronounced her "not guilty;" but the judge, after expostulating with them for their verdict, sent them out again to take away the poor creature's life. At the farms lived Giles Corey, that man of iron, who, knowing full well the fate in store for him, refused to plead, and, under the old English law, was condemned to the *peine forte et dure*, by being crushed to death with heavy weights. Calef says the sentence was carried out; and that, as Corey's body yielded to the pressure, his tongue protruded, and was thrust back into his mouth with a cane. The ballad makes the sufferer exclaim in his agony:

"More weight!" now said this wretched man,
"More weight!" again he cried;
And he did no confession make,
But wickedly he died."

Except the *humus* cavity in the turf, the Witch-Ground retains no evidence of former habitation. Garden and orchard have completely disappeared, but in a corner I found a bank of aromatic thyme growing, and, as I came along, the fallen leaves heralding Autumn's adieu, I plucked the fringed gentian and blooming violet.

It is time to come back to Witch Hill, since we need the added evidence of locality to impress the accumulated horrors upon us. It is necessary to say, "This is the very spot where a score of men and women, as innocent as you or I, suffered death for an imaginary

crime"—otherwise we might not believe the infernal tale.

This hill-top, around which the wind holds high carnival, must have presented a scene of awful interest on July 19, 1692. The scaffold is erected, its fatal cord tossed and played with by the breeze. The cart containing the condemned, and guarded by steel-capped musketeers, has traversed the route between the prison and the base of the acclivity, amid the scoffings and jeers of the rabble. The procession winds slowly up the hill-side, and is soon grouped around the central object, grotesque yet horrible, and visible far and near. Here are the magistrates and the reverend elders come to heighten the unspeakable agony and despair of the victims, by exhorting them to confess that of which they, with their dying breath, persist in declaring their innocence. The men are in high-crowned hats, sad-colored garments, and white beards. The women wear an equally picturesque costume—gray or red petticoats, jackets, and white-linen hoods and aprons. Here are the relations of the doomed, convulsed with the anguish they durst not utter; here the guards, with the martyrs in their midst, prepared for the last act and awaiting the supreme moment. The sheriff reads the warrant, concluding with "Hereof fall not at your peril!" and his voice dies away in the audible stir of intense expectation. Now the hangman conducts the victims to the ladder and adjusts the halter. Short space is given for prayer, for, unless they confess, they are to die without benefit of clergy. Judicial murder is done, and the assembly separates. I do not think there have ever been more heroic deaths.

Another such scene took place in September following. On this day Rev. Nicholas Noyes appears to have revealed in the agonies of the condemned. Said he:

"What a sad thing it is to see eight fire-brands of hell hanging there!"

One woman, whose last moments he imbittered by telling her she was a witch, and she knew it, turned on him fiercely.

"You are a liar!" she retorted; "I am no more a witch than you are a wizard, and, if you take away my life, God will give you blood to drink!"

This reply is interwoven with Hawthorne's story of "The House with Seven Gables."

A visible memorial of these terrible events is the Old Witch-House, so called, now standing at the corner of Essex and North Streets, in Salem. It originally belonged to the Elizabethan order, of which some notable specimens were existing fifty years ago in Southwark and other of the old wards of London; but now it is the only survivor that I can call to mind of the few of its class erected by or for people of superior condition among the early colonists. What it was like when Roger Williams inhabited it in 1635-'36—for it also challenges our interest as the dwelling of that remarkable personage during his stay at Salem—I do not so clearly make out, since the exigencies of succeeding proprietors, or its own decrepitude, have at different periods transformed its exterior into a gaunt and wholly unattractive structure, its antique English character mostly hidden by modern additions,

dependent on its ancient associations for being the object of all others to which the stranger's footsteps naturally tend. However, from the recessed area at the back we get a glimpse of its irregular outlines, narrow casements, and excrecent stairways, thus taking the iconoclasts at a disadvantage. Considerable changes were necessary so long ago as 1674-'75, when it became the property of Jonathan Corwin, of witchcraft notoriety. In 1746, and again about 1772; it underwent other repairs, which left it as it now appears.

Prior to the second series of repairs, the house was a remarkable one in appearance, with its peaked gables ornamented with pine-apples carved in wood, its successive overhanging stories giving the idea of a smaller structure upon which larger ones had been superposed without regard to the unity of the whole, or the evident aspect which the lower and lesser segment had of being crushed beneath the weight it was compelled to bear up. Lattices, composed of little lozenge-shaped panes in leaden sashes, comported with the antique *ensemble*, imparting also a certain glamour to what they concealed from view. In short, we have here the stage arranged for two centuries ago, the action to be whatever your imagination is capable of.

The interior of the older part is supported by a massive oaken frame, rudely shaped with the adze, and standing out from the walls and ceiling like the ribs of a vessel. The interstices of the western wall are filled with brick, plastered with clay, originally called "daub." Somewhere in the manuscript chaos I have met with this item: "Paid ten shillings for daubing the meeting-house." The present occupant told me that, in winter, the older rooms are scarcely habitable, the wind searching out the crevices where this primitive plaster has crumbled away.

Jonathan Corwin, or Curwen, as the name has indifferently been called, was made a councillor under the new charter granted by King William, in 1692, to Massachusetts. The charter conferred the powers of civil government, but separated the legislative from the judicial authority. Corwin was one of the judges before whom the preliminary examinations were held, both at the village and in Salem proper. Family tradition assigns the southeast lower room in Corwin's house as the scene of some of these examinations. It is worthy of note that Black Tom Corwin, of Ohio, is accounted as descended from a branch of this family.

Of this repulsive chapter of history, one disquieting reflection must always remain. The court which condemned the unfortunates had no legal existence. The charter did not empower the governor to appoint such a court as was constituted by him to try the witchcraft cases, so that twenty persons were executed, an unknown number died in prison, and hundreds languished there for an imaginary crime at the instance of an illegal tribunal.

The first execution for witchcraft in Massachusetts was that of Margaret Jones, under Winthrop, in 1648. This woman's case I have found commented upon in a rare little treatise by Rev. John Hale, of Beverly, printed in Boston in 1702, and written in justification of the acts of 1692, in which he

bore a part. Hale says he visited Margaret Jones, on the day of her execution, in company with some of her neighbors, who took great pains to bring her to confession, but she constantly asserted her innocence of witchcraft. They then asked her if she had not been guilty of stealing many years ago, which she admitted was true, but declared she had long ago repented, and believed Christ had pardoned her; but, as for witchcraft, she was wholly free from it. And so she died. Mrs. Jones was a physician, and was charged with having a malignant touch.

What passes in our day for jugglery, healing by clairvoyance, or spiritualism, would have been a hanging affair in 1692; but are we less superstitious in the nineteenth century? The only difference seems to be that in these matter-of-fact times we first try to account for all phenomena by natural tests. Failing that, the subject is laid aside until it unravels itself. I recollect several cases of apparitions related by the newspapers within a twelvemonth. The performances of the Davenport brothers are almost identical with those of a bewitched person as related by Cotton Mather; and, by-the-way, if you want to know what witches can do, read his "Magnolia." "To raise the devil" is by no means a lost art; but if some master of demonology should actually be able to produce Satan on exhibition, not even the smell of brimstone would prevent our having a peep at him.

SAMUEL A. DRAKE.

THE SHADOW OF DANEHAM.

IT looked desolate enough, certainly, all the more for being so totally out of character with the surroundings. The smooth terraces and well-kept lawns, the trim gardens and carefully-clipped hedges of privet and yew, the yellow gravel and the green turf, were all in perfect English order. Majestic elm-trees threw long and flickering shadows on the grass; the ivy, in tangled masses, twisted up the ancient brickwork, and waved its banners from the gables; climbing roses and jasmine festooned the mullioned windows, and scented the summer air; while the summer sun shed a soothing brightness over the whole fair and peaceful scene. But, strangely out of keeping with the surrounding order, strangely inharmonious with the beauty of the rest of Daneham, were the three rudely bricked-up windows which defaced the southern front.

They were a gay and thoughtless party, who were exploring the house and grounds of Daneham on that sunny August day. From the terrace on the roof to the dungeon in the basement, they had ransacked the ancient mansion, and worried the old house-keeper who showed it with questions and exclamations; they had wondered and admired their utmost, and at last believed that there was nothing more to see.

"Stay," said a young man, one of the party, as they were preparing to depart. "We were forgetting—there must be one thing more. Where is the haunted room? Surely a house like this must possess a ghost."

The house-keeper did not answer at once. "You think there must be a skeleton in every house then, sir?" she said, at last.

"In a house so old and with such a history as this, I should say certainly; some forsaken maiden in white garments, or some criminal in clanking chains. And now I remember—what is the secret of those bricked-up windows we saw from the south gardens?"

The house-keeper hesitated. It was plain there was something to reveal.

"I knew it," he said. "We must see the place and hear the story; the more terrible the better. Pray let us have it—I love horrors."

He was young, handsome, and gay, and was dressed in the height of the fashion; evidently a favorite of Fortune, whose acquaintance with horrors was of the slightest. A young lady, a fitting pendant to himself, and to whom he had kept particularly close all day, shook her glossy ringlets and echoed his words.

"Pray, madam," she said, winningly, "do not disappoint us. If we have seen all the rest, please be so kind as to show us the haunted room, and tell us the story of the ghost."

But the house-keeper looked grave.

"There is no ghost, ma'am," she said. "There is no love-lorn damsel, and there has never a chain clanked at Daneham, that I heard of."

"But you cannot deny that there is some story connected with those windows?" said the gentleman again.

"The windows belong to the old banquet-hall, and there is a story, certainly, but Sir Lionel does not much like to have the door opened or the story told."

"If it be forbidden, of course we cannot urge it," said the young lady, gracefully; "I am sorry, but there is no more to be said."

"It is not forbidden," said the house-keeper, touched, perhaps, by the look of disappointment that shadowed the pretty, lively face, "and, if you very much desire it, I will open the door. But I warn you there is nothing to see."

Of course, no one believed her assertion, and all followed her eagerly to the chamber of dread. She led them through a long corridor lighted from above, and left them for a few moments to procure the key, which was not, like those of the other rooms, on the ring she carried in her hand, while they awaited her return, in a delightful tremor outside the door.

It was a heavy paneled door of oak, black with age, and, like all the other wood-work of the gallery, highly ornamented and carved. One of the bolder spirits of the party tried the lock, but it was firm and unyielding; and the pretty young girl laid her ear against it and pretended to listen, and in this attitude she was caught by the returning house-keeper, and gathered herself up with a laugh and a blush.

"There is neither sight nor sound," said the old lady, smiling. "No step or voice has echoed in that room for many a long year, and, except when this door is opened, it is never visited by a ray of light."

She unlocked the door. The key turned hard in the rusty lock, and the unused hinges creaked and groaned as the heavy door swung back. With a kind of little shiver the pleasure-party shrank closer together, and, pressing forward, looked over each other's shoulders into the room, and saw—nothing.

"Darkness there and nothing more." The room was large and lofty, with paneled oak walls and carved oak cornice. The door opened midway, and either end was lost in the gloom, but straight before them rose the three tall windows, in which a few fragments of stained glass still kept their places, but where, through more of the empty mullions, projected the rude and heavy brickwork that excluded the sunshine. In the faint light that struggled in from the gallery they could see that the dust lay thick on the oaken floor and the long table, while spiders had tapestried the walls, and swung their gossamer banners from the fretwork of the roof. It was difficult to imagine that the scene of such silent desolation had ever rung to the shouts of boisterous rivalry, or echoed to innocent household mirth.

It was very dreary, very desolate, no doubt, but there was nothing terrible; and it was perhaps with a shade of disappointment that the gay party drew back when they found that there was really nothing more to see.

"What is the story?" asked the pretty girl, advancing timidly a few steps within the threshold. "The ghost, whatever it be, has chosen a most fitting abode."

"There is no ghost," returned the house-keeper. "But could the light come through those closed windows, just where you stand, they say there would be a shadow on the floor."

The young lady drew hastily back, but her companions laughed.

"A shadow! Is that all? No doubt the shadow of the trees upon the lawn."

"Ay, the waving shadow of the oak-tree, and of something else besides."

But the story that was partly related by the old house-keeper, partly elicited by the questions of her listeners, and partly left untold, may here be given in a more connected form.

During the reign of King Charles II., and when the gayety and mirth of the court of the merry monarch were at the greatest height, one of the ladies who attracted some favorable notice was Serena Curtis. That she did so, is sufficient guarantee for her possession of personal charms of no mean order, and also a considerable share of what was then called *wit*; but, besides these two necessary qualifications for a court-life, Miss Curtis was also possessed of a fair amount of discretion and good sense—qualities which, in those days and in that place, were by no means so common as they should have been.

She lived under the protection of the Duchess of York, whose maid-of-honor it was believed she might have been, had she so pleased; but her brother, her only relative, who filled some slight office in the duke's household, had never suffered her to entertain

the idea. In those days, when laxity in religion amounted to license, Ralph Curtis, though no ascetic, passed almost for a Puritan. He was indeed a staunch Protestant, retaining even some of the modes of thought and expression now gone out of fashion with those who had introduced them; and the stern morality implanted in his boyhood by the preachers of the Commonwealth could not well tolerate the manners and customs of the Restoration; and, though he himself was a devoted adherent of the Stuart cause, and a faithful servant of the king, he had not the least desire that his sister should, in that respect, follow his example.

So Serena Curtis lived, in general, rather a retired life; and, seldom mixing in the gayeties of the court, perhaps for that very reason attracted the more admiration when she appeared there. Suitors might have been more plentiful but for one serious disadvantage. Ralph Curtis and his sister were very poor, for their father had spent his wealth, as well as his life, in the Stuart cause. Had their lands been only confiscated, it would have cost the king little to restore them from the present to the former owner; but they had been lawfully sold, and the money lavished as freely as the blood on those who were never very conspicuous for gratitude; and what had been bestowed on the first Charles had never been returned by the second. The brother's place at court, and the small pension on which the sister lived, were all they had to depend on, and it was therefore impossible that Miss Curtis could give a fortune with her hand.

But youth, when love comes, seldom pauses to consider ways and means, or to reflect whether an alliance be desirable in a practical point of view. Miss Curtis found no exception to the rule, and, before any one was aware of it, she had attracted and accepted a heart, and given her own in exchange, in entirely the wrong place.

When this came to Ralph's knowledge he was very indignant, and at once declared that the marriage should never be permitted. In the first place, the young man, though professedly a Protestant, was obviously of no religion at all; he was known to be of especially loose life even among those with whom dueling, cheating at play, and shameless gallantry, were things of every-day occurrence; and (though this last objection could have been easily remedied) he had no fortune but his sword. Had the match been a suitable one, or agreeable to his own wishes, Ralph possessed sufficient interest to have forwarded the fortunes of his sister's lover; the duke's favor once bespoken, a place at court, or a regiment, would have afforded provision for a young couple with whom mutual affection might be supposed to supply the place of ampler means; but, as it was, Ralph chose to exert his power in the other direction. He enlisted the sympathies of his own patron in his favor, and through him represented to the king how much it was to be regretted that the daughter of his old and faithful servant, a young lady of so much beauty and merit, and so well deserving of a better lot, should be thrown away on a needy adventurer. The suit was listened to; the obnoxious lover was offered a command in a regiment on foreign service, and ordered at

once to accept it and depart; he knew that the orders came from a quarter where resistance was impossible, and bowed to the fate he could not control—with what sentiments of passion, hate, and ferocity, the sequel showed.

Serena never thought of resistance. To marry against the consent of her natural guardian; to bring to her husband, as dowry, penury, disgrace, and the displeasure of the king, seemed so completely out of the question that, though her lover asked and (in spite of her brother's precautions) she contrived to grant a last interview, it appears to have been with no expectation on her side that it was for any other purpose than to exchange an eternal farewell. Lovers, however, are sometimes of a different opinion from their mistresses in such matters as these, and, much to her surprise, hers entreated her to fly with him, alleging that he could so arrange matters that their union and departure should never be suspected until too late to prevent it, representing that events, however disagreeable in prospect, are often submitted to with a good grace when past remedy, and endeavoring to persuade her that it would be much more for her happiness to trust herself to the care of a faithful and devoted lover, even in an African desert, than to remain at home with an offended brother, and the object of pity to the whole court. He, no doubt, urged his suit with all the eloquence of which he was master, and probably had little fear of receiving other than a favorable reply.

But, if Serena hesitated, her indecision soon came to an end. Whether she lacked the courage for such an enterprise; whether she already began to doubt if her lover were all he seemed and all she had thought him; or whether the very ardor and eagerness with which he pressed her inspired her with some fear as well as love for a man whose passions were evidently so little under control, the result was the same. Serena wept much, confessed unaltered attachment, and lamented the hard fate which divided them; but she would not be persuaded to defy that fate, and take her destiny in her own hands. When her betrothed found that passionate remonstrance and tender pleading were alike in vain; that fear of the consequences of refusal had as little effect as anticipation of the sweet results of compliance; and that duty and reason held undoubted sway over love, he at last ceased his importunities: he was not a man to continue his endeavors when once convinced that success was not to be obtained. Neither was he a man ever to forgive or forget an injury or an insult, both of which he considered he had received at the hands of Ralph Curtis and his sister. On the former he vowed undying hate, and revenge as soon as it could be gratified; and, if his love for the other prevented, for the present, such expressions with regard to her, it was to be feared that, as time and absence cooled that love, those feelings which time seldom cools, mortified pride and insulted vanity, might bear bitter fruit. But Ralph had no such fears. His sister's obedience gained, he had no dread of her lover's revenge; and, that lover once safely out of the way, he had little expectation of any further annoyance from him; Africa is a long way off—its sun is scorching, and its Arabs fierce; and

there was small chance that those who went there would ever return.

So Ralph was congratulating himself on the success of his endeavors and his sister's docility, when he found that, in avoiding one danger, he had fallen into another far more serious—that, while escaping the whirlpool, he had run on the rocks. The publicity of Miss Curtis's love-affair had drawn attention to her; it became the fashion to admire her; and, at last, even the king himself condescended to bestow on her especial marks of notice and admiration. Now, the royal attentions being as dangerous as they were complimentary, Ralph was sorely embarrassed what to do in this new complication of affairs. There was no appeal to a higher authority in this case, as the person who had assisted him in the former exigency was the one most likely to thwart him now; he had no country-house to which to carry his sister, and no relations to whom to send her; and he was completely at a loss how to screen her from the flattering indignity he feared was intended for her, when Fate, in a most unsuspected way, in a most unexpected manner, came to his relief.

It never seems to have entered his mind that he was acting otherwise than as he had a perfect right to do in assuming the control of Serena's destiny, and making or marring her marriage as he saw fit. She was naturally of a gentle disposition, seldom roused, and easily governed by those whom she respected, and who possessed a spirit stronger than her own. All the affection divided by others among many relatives was centred by her on this one brother, the only relative she knew; and, as we have seen, it was sufficiently strong to overcome her first passion. The mind that had yielded against the most powerful of all temptations to resistance was not likely long to hold out under circumstances where the feelings were far less engaged; and as patiently as she had submitted to be deprived of one lover did she accept another when a suitable one was found.

This was Sir Lionel Daneham, a west-country baronet, who happened at this time, most opportunely, to visit London, to become acquainted with Miss Curtis, and to surrender to her fascinations. Like a wise man, he paid his court first to the brother, whom he soon completely gained to his side, and enlisted in his cause. All was in favor of his suit, nothing against it; he was of suitable age, ample fortune, unblemished in character, and much in love. Could Serena only have loved him in return, there would have been nothing to desire; but what heart she had was gone to Africa with the young soldier. She told Sir Lionel so, but he was disposed to give but little attention to it; he was of a grave and reserved nature, not given to raptures on his own part, nor requiring them in others; and he pressed his suit. Serena's brother urged her compliance. She had no objection to Sir Lionel; on the contrary, she felt a great esteem for him. She knew the annoyance she might be subjected to if she remained where she was, and, with all this, the end could not be long doubtful. There was no occasion to ask for any outside assistance this time, and they took care not to attract a notice which might have had far from a favorable influence on their

plans. The court was scarcely aware that Miss Curtis was receiving the baronet's addresses, before she had become Lady Daneham, and was gone.

It was not a happy union. Where each party to the marriage-contract feels esteem for the other, and no more, the experiment may be successful, and life proceed in harmony at least, if not in happiness; but esteem on one side, and love on the other, can be productive of nothing but uneasiness and discontent. Love must have love, and will be satisfied with no other return; and love, once bestowed elsewhere, will not be transferred at pleasure, no matter how strong the obligation may be to give it. Therefore, though Sir Lionel found that his wife expressed the sincerest gratitude for all the kindnesses he lavished on her; though she showed her respect for his wishes and opinions in every possible way; and, though as wife and mistress of his house, she discharged her duties faithfully and to the uttermost, he was dissatisfied because he never could bring her to evince a warmth of affection she had warned him beforehand she had not to bestow; and Serena, though the old girlish love had long since faded out of her heart, in vain endeavored to feel as she thought she ought to feel, but to which state of mind she came no nearer for all her thoughts.

Two children were born to Lady Daneham, but neither survived its infancy, and her life was very lonely. Sir Lionel passed much of his time away from home becoming more and more devoted, as the years went on, to business and politics, which in those disturbed days afforded plenty of occupation to thinking minds; he was a Tory in principle, a strict and high churchman, and a strong advocate for the succession of the Duke of York. With these sentiments, it was not to be expected that he should long remain on terms of cordiality with his brother-in-law, whose opinions were directly opposed to his own; and so Serena and her brother drifted apart upon the stream of life, and she felt the separation keenly. Then, though she had never shared to any great extent in the frivolities of the court, she had lived in its atmosphere, and the utter seclusion of her country-home preyed upon her health and spirits. She ought to have been happy. Reason says yes, but Fact says no. Many have been virtuous, but none have ever been or can be happy because they ought. Serena drooped; and, when she had been ten years Lady Daneham, and was twenty-nine years old, she possessed little of the beauty, and none of the vivacity, which had been hers at nineteen.

Then kind Providence sent her another child, and on this infant were poured forth all the treasures of affection which for so long had had no outlet. What to her mattered now disturbances in politics or differences in religion? Was not the child always the same? What cared she for the growing discontent of the nation with the court and its ways, while dwelling in the pure air of her home and the light of her baby's smiles? What was it to her that public confidence was shaken, while little Lionel took his first steps in safety? What signified the license of the rich and the misery of the poor, while the

young lord of Daneham ate well and slept soundly? Thoughts and cares were centred on the one loved object alone, and for two years she enjoyed her bliss undisturbed. Then came change, but not yet to her. The dark February morning, when the name of the "courageous king" was erased from the roll of the living; the morning that filled with dismay the crowd of courtiers, favorites, and sycophants, that thronged Whitehall, and filled with ambitious hopes the mind of him who paid so dread a price for his ambition, brought her no grief; she cared little whether son or brother of the departed monarch filled the vacant throne, and was scarcely roused by the impending shadow of war that came creeping over the land.

The story of the fatal rebellion of 1685 is too well known to be here dwelt on. The short struggle of Monmouth, the darling of the people, for power; his total overthrow, and the terrible vengeance taken on him and his adherents, are familiar to all. But momentous events never seem so great to those engaged in them as to those who contemplate them afar off, or view them by the light of after-times; and the peace of Daneham was scarcely shaken by the storm that briefly but fiercely raged around it; its lord was on the safe side, and its lady dwelt in safety. She had heard in her quiet the echo of the riot of Sedgemoor; she had listened to the joyous peals of the Chedzoy bells; she had shed a plying tear for the fate of the deluded and unhappy leader, and had done all in her power (alas, but little could be done!) for the relief of the sufferings of his wretched followers nearer home. The war was over. No one then knew that a yet darker tragedy was still to come.

It was an August morning, bright and fair. Sir Lionel had been summoned to London on important business, and the lady of Daneham was alone. She was in the garden with her boy and his nurse, when she was disturbed by the coming of one of the men-servants with fear in his looks.

"My lady," he stammered, "there are two men without who desire admittance; but, O my lady! let them not in, for I think they be rebels."

"Thou art but a lying knave," said the lady. "What should rebels do at Daneham? Is not thy master a faithful subject of the king?"

"They are worn and weary, my lady, and travel-soiled. They look not like honest men on lawful business. The elder bade me deliver this token; and, though I fear to give it, I dare not keep it back. O my lady! receive them not. The Tangier Regiment lies at Taunton, and they say their leader is a fearful man, a son of Satan; and these are not times to run into needless danger."

The lady of Daneham had turned a shade paler.

"Who told thee the Lambs were at Taunton, and how knowest thou aught of their leader?" she asked of the man. He was an old and tried servant, so his freedom went unproved.

"My lady, Colonel Kirke's name has come before him, and they say he is making it good. I have heard it is believed one so cruel could

never have been born of woman and lain on a mother's breast. The stories I have heard are not fitting to be told your ladyship, but—"

"Peace!"

The lady of Daneham struck her hand to her heart, and gave a sudden gasp and cry; she had opened the little packet which till now had lain unnoticed in her hand. The attendants did not see what it contained, but they did see the ghostly change that came over the face of their mistress. The blood receded from her cheeks, and left her ashen pale, and, though she tried hard to compose herself and to speak, her trembling lips uttered no sound.

"It is as I feared," said the old man. "My lady, think well. Tell me to send the men away; do not see them, for God's sake!"

"I will not see them, Matthew. Give them this line."

She wrote a few words on the tablet that hung at her waist, folded the parchment, and gave it to the man; then, followed by the nurse, took her way toward the house.

The servant returned to those who waited for him, but his rectitude was not proof against his curiosity.

He opened the parchment; it contained these few words:

"The hazel-copse at the east end of the park at moonrise."

"She has consented to see them. She will conceal them. We are all lost!" He muttered the words under his breath, and stood for a moment in deep reflection. "What is the escape of these wanderers, these defeated rebels, to the safety and honor of this house? I have served it faithfully, and will do so to the end. No rebels shall hide here."

He tore the letter into fine fragments, and strewed them on the thick, soft grass. What he said to the unhappy men, who, in terror for their lives, awaited a word of comfort and encouragement, he never confessed. The refugees departed, and were seen no more.

The moon had just risen when Lady Daneham, closely muffled in a thick black mantle, entered the hazel-copse. As may be imagined, she found no one there; but those she expected might have been unavoidably detained, and she waited. An hour—two hours passed; no one came. She still lingered; what could have happened—why should they have sought an interview and failed to keep the appointment—who could they be—how came they in possession of a token she had believed in the hands of one person alone in the world? All these questions occupied her mind as she waited, and waited in vain. No one ever came; and, at last, a prey to the most harassing anxiety, and bewildered by a thousand conjectures, she was forced to leave the copse and return home.

For two days Serena remained undisturbed, though enduring an anguish of suspense and dread never to be described. But, on the third morning, the clash of arms and the clatter of hoofs in the court-yard announced the arrival that she had (but did not dare to confess that she had) expected and feared.

White and trembling, but striving to be composed and to collect her thoughts, she entered the room where her uninvited guest

awaited her. Boisterous laughter and rude jests were to be heard as she passed along the corridor; but even the rough merriment of Colonel Kirke and his men was hushed for a moment at sight of her pale face and stately carriage. Her beauty might be dimmed by time, but the majesty of her presence was unimpaired. She had no difficulty in recognizing the chief of the party—the man for whose actions charity itself has found no excuse, whose excesses even the veil of time has never softened. To others, Percy Kirke was the petty tyrant, the rapacious, cruel monster, the dissolute ruffian, the fitting agent of one as ruthless, if not as ferocious, as himself. She had heard of him as all this, but to her he was more: he was the avowed enemy of her and hers—the lover of her youth.

No other. On this man, then comparatively innocent, she had wasted her first and best affections; to this man, while yet unstained by crime, had her first vows been addressed. This man had sworn vengeance on her and hers, and he was all-powerful now; and an agony of mingled shame and fear possessed her as she thought of her past love, and her present abhorrence and dread.

But there was no outward reason for fear. Whoever the hapless fugitives had been, she could say with truth that she knew nothing of them, and the wife of Sir Lionel Daneham could not be even suspected of disaffection. So, with a great effort suppressing all signs of emotion, she saluted Colonel Kirke, and inquired, with cold politeness, to what reason Daneham was indebted for the honor of his presence.

"We are grieved to incommode a lady, but we have been informed that two noted rebels have been seen hiding in the park, and we demand permission, in the king's name, to search the house and grounds."

He looked hard at Serena, but she did not flinch nor change color. The asking permission she knew to be a farce, and was surprised that it had even been gone through. The reason appeared afterward.

"It is scarcely needful," she said, with an added shade of stateliness. "This is no place of refuge for rebels. King James has no more loyal subject or servant in his dominions than Sir Lionel Daneham."

"We are quite aware of that, madam; but we also know that Sir Lionel is in London, and that advantage may have been taken of his absence."

"Of course, I can have no objection to your search; but I believe you will find it lost labor."

Oh, how fervently did she pray that it might be so, but with what sickening dread did she see them depart on their errand! Oh, those unhappy men, whom she had been unable to shield or serve! Where were they? Where could they be safe from the bloodhounds now upon their track? Why had they not kept the tryst with her? Why had they not accepted her aid? Matthew could have answered her, but he held his peace.

Hours passed—she hardly knew how—and the sun was low when the soldiers and their chief returned. She soon learned the result of their expedition. She had feared what she dared not think; the reality was worse than

her worst fears—her brother, Ralph Curtis, was in Kirke's hands.

With that refinement in cruelty of which he was a master, he caused the brother and sister to be brought together, and to hold in his presence their last interview. Not that Serena believed it to be the last; hope is very difficult to kill in the human breast, and it is very difficult to believe that we are especially singled out for misfortune. Ralph knew that for him all was lost. Treason, until successful, is a dangerous game; and he had purposely kept his sister in ignorance of his share in the one lately lost, until sure of the stake he played for; but the die was cast against him, and he was willing to pay the forfeit. He was at the mercy of one to whom mercy was unknown, and he had resolved to meet his inevitable fate with the fortitude that became the last of a valiant race. In learning that it was through evil mischance alone that his sister had failed to shelter and succor him, and in receiving her assurance that she would have died for his sake, that fate lost half its sting; but the sister could not so feel. Striving to forget the hopelessness of the endeavor, she knelt at Kirke's feet, and sued for the compassion none had ever yet obtained from that marble heart. She pleaded Sir Lionel's faithful services and long devotion to the king; she prayed him at least to suspend judgment until the king's pleasure should be known.

"I know the king's pleasure," interrupted the Tangier commander. "I did not come here without my orders, and they shall be obeyed."

Then Serena hinted at her husband's wealth, and made it understood that no ransom would be too heavy to redeem the life implored for; and in any other case this might have been effectual, but not now. With a bitter and sarcastic smile, Kirke threw off the mask:

"Bribes are vain, my Lady Daneham. Money is a very pleasant thing, but just revenge is sweeter. No price will pay me to renounce it."

With a bursting heart, Serena tried once more.

"Colonel Kirke," she said, though the words almost choked her, "have you forgotten that once—?"

She was unable to proceed, and he caught up and echoed her words:

"Forgotten? My Lady Daneham, Percy Kirke has never forgotten, and will never forget. He is a man of honor, who pays his debts; and Fortune is kind who puts it in his power to discharge this one so fully."

He looked at her as she knelt, her face bowed in her hands, and her frame shaken by the sobs that had succeeded her self-control.

"My lady," he said, "there was a young man once who knelt and sued—in vain. Think you he does not find the present moment sweet?"

"Sister," said Ralph, "debase yourself no more. Kiss me farewell, and think of me as of one who dies for a cause in which he glories, and for which he would have laid down a thousand lives."

His arms were bound, and he was guard-

ed; but, with a woman's quickness, she bounded to him, and threw her arms about him, and laid her head upon his breast.

"I will save you yet," she whispered. "I will kneel for mercy to the king."

"And you will obtain it," he returned, "when there is mercy in the advancing tide or in the midnight frost."

As Colonel Kirke announced his intention of lying at Daneham that night, the prisoner was removed, under a strong guard, to another apartment; while the officer, ordering for himself and his men the best food and wine the house afforded, prepared for a night of revel in the banquetting-hall.

Serena passed the night in alternate prayers and tears, and hopes (which she knew to be unavailing while she cherished them) that morning would bring some unexpected relief. Of her husband's return there was unhappily no likelihood; but, as soon as her brother was removed from beneath her roof, she would go herself to London and engage powerful influence in his behalf. Vain hopes! loving delusions! Even she did not yet know those with whom she had to deal.

The morning was already advanced when she received a message. Colonel Kirke had breakfasted, and would see her, if she pleased to come. Drawing some faint augury of good from this summons, and, not perceiving the terror-stricken face and the trembling voice of the servant who had brought it, she hastened to obey.

The king's officer sat at table, where were still the remains of the morning repast, and cups half filled with wine. Through the open southern windows the sun poured in warm and bright; and all Nature was alive with the rustle of breezes and the song of birds. The lady of Daneham crossed the threshold, looked before her, and stopped—stopped as though, instead of the glowing sunshine, a breath from the poles had struck her rigid—as though the carol of the birds had been the last summons that shall bring terror to mortals. Mute and motionless, all other senses were lost in that of sight; and the fixed stare of the dilated eyes showed her this—from the sturdy oak-boughs swung the stiff and lifeless body of her brother; and the sunshine doubled the ghastly spectacle, and flung the image at her in shadow at her feet.

And for her that shadow never lifted. The mind so rudely shaken, the heart in every feeling of woman and sister so cruelly outraged, could never quite recover, and every flood of spring and autumn sunshine, every pale wintry gleam, painted, to her eyes, the awful picture afresh upon the oaken floor; and from the room whence her brother had been led to his swift and shameful doom—from the room whose hospitable sanctuary had been so profaned and desecrated, the remembrance and the horror could never be effaced. Sir Lionel, for her sake, had the ill-omened tree cut down and destroyed, but it made no difference to her. Trunk and limbs were reduced to ashes, but, every time her foot crossed the fatal threshold, she saw their shadow, and that of the ghastly fruit they had once borne, still flickering on the floor.

Viewless to all other eyes, the terrible memento could never cease to exist for her. Then her husband caused the windows to be filled up, and, while she lived, no one saw the inside of the banquetting-hall again.

And, though she arrived for many years, no one ever again saw her smile. No tenderness from her husband, no playfulness of her child, could draw her from her utter sadness. Under the security of the succeeding reign, her son grew to manhood, and loved, and wooed, and married, and in time she held his children on her knee; but interests failed to rouse her, or joys to give her pleasure, for evermore.

The tale was ended, and the smiles on the faces of the hearers had long since died away. The young man's brow was grave and stern, and the pretty girl listened with blanched cheeks and parted lips. Who knows how much truth is contained in the legend? Will any one open the yet closed windows and ascertain? At any rate, none of the party of whom I have spoken felt any inclination to verify the story by letting in the sunshine, and looking for the shadow of Daneham.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

BURNS AND CLARINDA.

THE love-stories and the friendships (platonic, especially) of distinguished men are always interesting. Whether we, of common mould, like to see the great of the earth suffering the pangs which have beset our humble humanity, or whether the subject is in itself so attractive, I cannot pretend to say. Perhaps a union of both causes us to read, with unflagging interest, the stories of Goethe's manifold flirtations, of Lord Byron's oft-recurring love-episodes, and of poor Burns's sadly tragic and unhappy affairs of the heart.

The lady who gave Robert Burns perhaps as little trouble, and as much sentimental flattery and gratification, as any other of his loves, was the lady who corresponded with him under the title of Clarinda.

She was born Agnes Craig, a beauty of Glasgow. She was of good family, the daughter of a surgeon, and connected, on her mother's side, with eminent clergymen and mathematicians.

In "bonny Scotland," in 1759, this was the best kind of birth, for the nobility were a dissolute and poor set, with some honorable exceptions. She had one titled relative, Lord Craig, Judge of the Court of Sessions, who seems to have been a most worthy man, and good friend to her through his whole life. The young beauty, at seventeen, had married Mr. James McLehose, a "law agent," as he was called, five years her senior, a handsome and clever good-for-nothing.

He was jealous and she was frivolous, and they quarreled and separated, after four or five children had been born to them.

The father had, at first, taken away such of these poor children as remained to them, merely to make the mother miserable; but, finding their maintenance a burden, he gladly

returned them to her, while he led an easy and dissolute life, borrowing money of his mother, which he never repaid, and neglecting his duty in every possible manner. This amiable gentleman went to Jamaica, West Indies, finally, where the climate seems to have improved him, for he commenced making money, and was highly esteemed as a lawyer and officer of the government. He once sent for his wife to come out and make him a visit, an invitation which she accepted; but, not liking the coffee-colored household which she found, she returned speedily to bonny Scotland.

Mr. McLehose lived thirty years after this, wealthy and consequential, ignoring all claims of decency and affection, not advancing a cent toward the education of his children. In fact, he seems to have been invented as an excuse for his wife's flirtations.

She was living in Edinburgh on a small income derived from her father, and, assisted by her distinguished relative, Lord Craig, educating her children. She was much beloved and respected, when she first met Burns, toward the end of the year 1787.

The pretty semi-widow was a great card at the Edinburgh tea-parties, and was, of course, very much "invited out." She had vivacity and wit, an extreme sensibility, great religious fervor (rather than principle), and was of that temperament which the world finds very fascinating; but which is perhaps not the safest or most convenient temperament with which to encounter the various trials of every-day life. She lived upon excitement, and would rather weep bitterly over a fault committed than to repose virtuously on a dull serenity.

Of course, such a woman immediately attracted the poet.

It is amusing to read that, in "1787, the poet met Mrs. McLehose in Alison Square, Potterow." How it brings back that old Edinburgh which entertained, unawares, Walter Scott and Robert Burns, men at the extremes, almost, of the social ladder, yet brothers in genius! The one the most fortunate and considered of men; the other meeting that trying caprice of society which at one moment elevates the inspired ploughman to the highest honors, and the next moment degrades him to his clodhopper position, forgetting that they are but the ephemera of the moment, while he is the song-bird whose divine note shall echo through all time.

His Satanic majesty, who is said to be quite alert in cases of this kind, caused Burns to fall down and sprain his ankle at this time, thus giving him a period of leisure for correspondence. His heart was sore over Jean Armour, whom he had so deeply wronged; but who, with a woman's wild generosity, had burned her marriage-lines, and yet whose claims on him were very great; "besides," as he said, "his heart was sore for her." He had that miserable half-glimpse of a refinement which his poet-heart loved, and yet which was so far beyond his reach; all these, and other contradictory emotions, were burning in his heart, when he met a beautiful and sympathetic being who, like himself, was "overwhelmed with sorrow;" yet who was a member of this exclusive and sometimes ar-

rogant society—whose soft hand clasped itself around his with a constant friendly greeting, whose lovely eyes always looked on him with pleasure, and whose too-ready, foolish, feminine pen was industriously used to tell him all her hopes, fears, and flutterings, all of which amply flattered the self-love of the poor, sensitive, high-minded, impulsive poet.

A curious light is thrown (where light was very much needed) on the old courts and streets of the old town of Edinburgh, by the description of Mrs. McLehose's apartments, where she used to receive Burns: "A court, at the back of General's Entry, Potterrow, a narrow street, into which this entry forms a passage. A small, circular stair leads to the different floors, on the first of which she lived. The rooms were small and low-roofed, with windows of less size than many modern panes of glass." Of course, gossip and scandal took up their abiding-places in these narrow, dark alleys, and "Clarinda," as she called herself, was always warning "Sylvander," as Burns styled himself, to "avoid observation."

"Either to-morrow or Friday I shall be happy to see you. I hope you will come afoot, even though you take a chair home. A chair is so uncommon a thing in our neighborhood, it is apt to raise speculation; but they are all asleep by ten!"

Her biographer, in recounting this rather dangerous intimacy, has the following passage, on which I cannot improve:

"But though there were many rocks on which their love was threatened with shipwreck, sometimes from the boldness of the pilot, sometimes from her own uncalculated alarm, it is apparent that what she required in such a friend (and her requirements who shall condemn?) was satisfactorily fulfilled. 'In you, and you alone, I have one friend my highest demands of kindness accomplished; nay, one my proudest wishes not gratified only, but anticipated.' That Mrs. McLehose was innocent of all criminal thoughts and intentions it is believed no candid mind can doubt after reading her letters. Her love was indeed a flame 'where Innocence looked smiling on, and Honor stood by, a sacred guard.' Yet it may be doubted if any married woman should have permitted herself to continue in circumstances of such temptation; certain it is that few women could have come out of such a trial untarnished. But she did come forth unblemished, and lived to a good old age, respected and beloved by all who knew her. This could not have been the case if there had been any spot in her character for scandal to point the finger at. Her attachment she had early revealed to her clergyman, and even taken his advice about it."

Allan Cunningham, whose rough and honest nature revolted at this playing at piety, and this handling of edged tools, declares that the "raptures of Sylvander are artificial, and his sensibility assumed. He puts himself into strange postures and picturesque positions, and feels imaginary pains to correspond. He wounds himself to show how readily the sores of love can be mended, and flogs his body like a devotee to obtain the compassion of his patron saint."

I think the modern reader will agree with

Allan Cunningham, although some of poor Burns's letters have this excuse: he was drunk when he wrote them. Then the old-fashioned phraseology, and the old standard of manners, so different (as the editor of Clarinda's correspondence justly observes) from the modern standard, render us imperfect critics of this remarkable episode in the life of the great poet. It was a flirtation, deeply tinged with sentiment on his part, with a woman of fashion. On her part, it was a furious love-affair, which she sought, poor woman, to control, and on which she constantly threw the feeble mantle of a conventional piety. Here is a specimen of the moth, fluttering as nearly as possible to the flame:

"Is it not too near an infringement of the sacred obligations of marriage to bestow one's heart, wishes, and thoughts, upon another?"

"Something in my soul whispers that it approaches criminality. I obey the voice; let me cast every kind feeling into the allowed bond of friendship. If 'tis accompanied with a shadow of a softer feeling, it shall be poured into the bosom of a merciful God! If a confession of my warmest, tenderest friendship does not satisfy you, duty forbids that Clarinda should do more!"

Alas for poor human nature! "How much better would it have been for women," says Bulwer, "if they had never learned to write."

Burns left Edinburgh in April, 1788, to recommence his farming, and shortly after privately acknowledged Jean Armour as his wife!

Not unnaturally a serious quarrel ensued between him and Clarinda about this time; a real love drove out a fictitious excitement, and, although there was no elevation in his love for his wife, such as that which characterized his adoration of "Mary in Heaven," there was a great deal of honest affection in his feeling for her. She was his humble daisy, and she patiently and sweetly served him to the end. Still he kept up his Clarinda letters.

Clarinda continued, even after the love-episode, to correspond occasionally with Burns until the end of his melancholy and checkered career. She lived to a great age, and was always ready and happy to talk about Burns. His precious letters she would never let out of her house, but her own she was ready to lend. She records in her journal:

"January 25, 1813.

"Burns's birthday—a great dinner at Oman's. Should like to be there, an invisible spectator of all said of that great genius."

"December 6, 1813.

"This day I never can forget. Parted with Burns in the year 1791, never more to meet in this world. Oh, may we meet in heaven!"

With the trembling hand of eighty-two Clarinda still recorded her devotion to Burns. She writes to a friend: "There was an electricity about him which only touch and pervade a few cast in Nature's finest mould."

Mrs. McLehose continued, to the end of a long life, to be a favorite in society, and finally quietly died in Edinburgh, in 1841.

She was like many people of the highly imaginative and impassioned sort. She had

a very good eye to her position in society, and never allowed her raptures to carry her too far, and, while trusting in God, kept her powder very dry. She does not impress the modern reader favorably as a Madame de Sévigné; her letters have little or no literary merit; they are curious, as exemplifying some of the weaknesses, and at the same time the neat adroitness of the female mind.

Nor do Burns's love-letters always read very eloquently. I append one or two, to show the style.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

"December 6, 1787.

"MADAM: I had set no small store by my tea-drinking to-night, and have not often been so disappointed. Saturday evening I shall embrace the opportunity with the greatest pleasure. I leave this town this day se'en night, and probably I shall not return for a couple of twelve months, but I must ever regret that I so lately got an acquaintance I shall ever highly esteem, and in whose welfare I shall ever be warmly interested. Our worthy common friend, Miss Nimmo, in her usual pleasant way, rallied me on my new acquaintance, and in the humor of her ideas I wrote some lines, which I inclose to you, as I think they have a great deal of poetic merit, and Miss Nimmo tells me that you are not only a critic but a poetess. Fiction, you know, is the native region of poetry, and I hope you will pardon my vanity in sending you the *dagatelle* as a tolerable off-hand *jeu d'esprit*."

Another: "I can say with truth, madam, that I never met with a person in my life whom I more anxiously wished to meet again than yourself. To-night I was to have had that pleasure—I was intoxicated with the idea—but an unlucky fall from a coach has so bruised one of my knees that I can't stir my leg from the cushion. So, if I don't see you again, I shall not rest in my grave for chagrin. I was vexed to the soul I had not seen you sooner. I determined to cultivate your friendship with the enthusiasm of religion, but thus has Fortune ever served me. I cannot bear the idea of leaving Edinburgh without seeing you. I know not how to account for it, I am strangely taken with some people, nor am I often mistaken. You are a stranger to me, but I am an odd being. Yet some unnamed feelings—things, not principles, but better than whims—carry me farther than boasted reason ever did a philosopher. Farewell. Every happiness be yours."

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

"Inured as I have been to disappointments, I never felt more, nay, nor half so severely, for one of the same nature! The cruel cause, too, augments my uneasiness. I trust you'll soon recover it. Meantime, if my sympathy, my friendship, can alleviate your pain, be assured you possess them. I am much flattered at being a favorite of yours. Miss Nimmo can tell you how earnestly I had long pressed her to make us acquainted. I had a presentiment that we should derive pleasure from the society of each other. To-night I had thought of fifty things to say to

you; how unfortunate this prevention! Do not accuse Fortune: had I not known she was *blind*, before, her ill usage of you had marked it sufficiently. However, she is a fickle old beldam, and I'd much rather be indebted to *Nature*. You shall not leave town without my seeing you, if I should come along with good Miss Nimmo and call on you. I am determined to see you, and am ready to exclaim with Yorick, 'Tut! are we not all relations?' We are, indeed, strangers in one sense, but of near kin in many respects: those nameless feelings I perfectly comprehend, though the pen of a Locke could not define them. Perhaps *instinct* comes nearer their description than either 'principles or whims.' Think ye they have any connection with that 'heavenly light which leads astray?' One thing I know, that they have a powerful effect on me, and are delightful when under the check of *reason and religion*."

Poor Clarinda seems to have thought her self safe, if she used these two words often enough. They were the talismanic utterances with which she salved over her own irrepressible folly.

Here is a very manly epistle of Burns, in answer to one of her sentimental accusations.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

"Your last, my dear madam, had the effect on me that Job's situation had on his friends, when 'they sat down seven days and seven nights, astonished, and spake not a word.' 'Pay my addresses to a married woman!' I started as if I had seen the ghost of him I had injured. I recollected my expressions; some of them indeed were, in the law phrase, 'habit and repute,' which is being half guilty. I cannot positively say, madam, whether my heart might not have gone astray a little; but I can declare, upon the honor of a poet, that the vagrant has wandered unknown to me. I have a pretty troop of follies of my own, and, like some other people's retinue, they are but undisciplined blackguards; but the luckless rascals have something of honor in them, they would not do a dishonest thing.

"To meet with an unfortunate woman, amiable and young, deserted and widowed by those who were bound, by every tie of duty and nature and gratitude, to protect, comfort, and cherish her; add to all, when she is perhaps one of the first of lovely forms and noble minds—the mind, too, that hits one's taste, as the joys of heaven do a saint—should a vague infant idea, the natural child of imagination, thoughtlessly peep over the fence—were you, my friend, to sit in judgment, and the poor, airy straggler brought before you trembling, self-condemned, with artless eyes, brimful of contrition, looking wistfully at its judge—you could not, my dear madam, condemn the helpless wretch to death without 'benefit of clergy!'

"I won't tell you what reply my heart made to your rallery of 'seven years,' but I will give you what a brother of my trade says on the same allusion:

'The patriarch to gain a wife,
Chaste, beautiful, and young,
Served fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long.

'Oh, were you to reward such cares,
And life so long would stay,
Not fourteen but four hundred years,
Would seem but as one day!'

"I have written to you this scrawl because I have nothing else to do, and you may sit down and find fault with it, if you have no better way of consuming your time than finding fault with the vagaries of a poet's fancy. It is much such another business as Xerxes chastising the waves of the Hellespont."

The following letter from Clarinda to Sylvander is, perhaps, the most unconscious in its absurdity—its mixture of religion and intrigue, the juxtaposition of the sternest Calvinism with the hints, at the end, of bribing the porter, which remind one of Browning's "In a Gondola"—of any which even she, romantic Scotchwoman that she was, ever wrote:

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

"The description of your first love-scene delighted me. It recalled the idea of some tender circumstances which happened to myself, at the same period of life—only *mine* did not go so far! Perhaps, in return, I'll tell you the particulars when we meet. Ah! my friend, our early love-emotions are surely the most exquisite. In ripper years we may acquire more knowledge, sentiment, etc.; but none of these can yield such rapture as the dear delusions of heart-throbbing youth! Like yours, mine was a rural scene, too, which adds much to the tender meeting. But, no more of these recollections!

"One thing alone hurt me, though I regretted many—your avowal of being an enemy to Calvinism. I guessed it was so by some of your pieces; but the confirmation of it gave me a shock I could only have felt for one I was interested in. You will not wonder at this when I inform you that I am a strict Calvinist—one or two dark tenets excepted, which I never meddle with. Like many others, you are so, either from never having examined it with candor and impartiality, or from having unfortunately met with weak professors, who did not understand it; and hypocritical ones, who made it a cloak for their knavery.

"If you have time and inclination, I should wish to hear your chief objections to Calvinism. They have often been confuted by men of great minds and exemplary lives; but perhaps you never inquired into these. Ah, Sylvander! Heaven has not endowed you with such uncommon powers of mind to employ them in the way you have done.

"Read this letter attentively, and answer me at leisure. Do not be frightened at its gravity. Believe me, I can be as lively as you please. Though I wish Madam Minerva for my guide, I shall not be hindered from rambling sometimes in the fields of Fancy. I must tell you that I admire your narrative, in point of composition, beyond all your other productions. One thing I am afraid of—there is not a trace of friendship toward a female. Now, in the case of Clarinda, this is only 'consummation devoutly to be wished.' You told me you had never met with a woman who could love as ardently as yourself. I

believe it, and would advise you never to tie yourself till you meet with such a one. Alas! you'll find many who *can*, and some who *mauna*; but to be joined to one of the former description would make you miserable. I think you had almost best resolve against wedlock; for, unless a woman were qualified for the companion, the friend, and the mistress, she would not do for you. The last may gain Sylvander; the others alone can keep him.

"Adieu! Charming Clarinda must e'en resign herself to the arms of Morpheus.

"Your true friend,

"CLARINDA.

"P. S.—Don't detain the porter. Write when convenient.

"I am probably to be in your square this afternoon, near two o'clock. If your room be to the street, I shall have the pleasure of giving you a nod. I have paid the porter, and you may do so when you write. I'm sure they sometimes have made us *pay double*. Adieu!"

There is a canny Scotch economy in this last suggestion, which, united with the religion and the subtle hint of the "pleasure of a nod," completes the excellence of this invaluable letter.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

"I am certain I saw you, Clarinda; but you don't look to the proper story for a poet's lodging—

'Where speculation roosted near the sky.'

I could almost have thrown myself over for very vexation. Why didn't you look higher? It has spoiled my peace for the day. To be so near my charming Clarinda, to miss her look while it was searching for me! I am sure the soul is capable of disease, for mine has convulsed itself into an inflammatory fever.

"What I said in my last letter—the powers of fuddling sociality—only know for me! By yours I understand my good star has been partly in my horizon when I got wild in my reveries. Had that evil planet, which has almost all my life shed its baleful rays on my devoted head, been, as usual, in its zenith, I had certainly blabbed something that would have pointed out to you the dear object of my tenderest friendship, and, in spite of me, something more.

"Had that fatal information escaped me (and it was merely chance or kind stars that it did not), I had been undone! You would never have written me, except, perhaps, *once more*! Oh, I could curse circumstances, and the coarse tie of human laws, which keeps fast what common-sense would loose, and which bars that happiness itself cannot give—happiness which otherwise love and honor would warrant! But hold—I shall make no more 'hair-breadth 'escapes.'

"What a strange, mysterious faculty is that thing called imagination! Imagine that we are set free from the laws of gravitation which bind us to this globe, and could at pleasure fly, without inconvenience, through

all the yet un conjectured bounds of creation—what a life of bliss should we lead in our mutual pursuit of virtue and knowledge, and our mutual enjoyment of friendship and love!

"I see you are laughing at my fairy fancies, and calling me a voluptuous Mohammedan; but I am certain I should be a happy creature, beyond any thing we call bliss here below—nay, it would be a paradise congenial to you too. Don't you see us hand in hand, or rather my arm about your lovely waist, making our remarks on Sirius, the nearest of the fixed stars, or surveying a comet flaming innocuous by us, as we just now would mark the passing pomp of a traveling monarch, or, in a shady bower of Mercury or Venus, dedicating the time to love, in mutual converse, relying honor, and reveling endearment, while the most exalted strains of poetry and harmony would be the ready, spontaneous language of our souls! Devotion is the favorite employment of your heart; so it is of mine. What incentives then to, and powers for, reverence, gratitude, faith, and hope, in all the fervor of adoration and praise to that Being whose unsearchable wisdom, power, and goodness, so pervaded, so inspired every sense and feeling!"

Clarinda answers in raptures of love, religion, self-condemnation, delight, talking about the temple of Hymen and the bower of tranquillity, which last she seems never to enter; but she scarcely ever speaks of Burns's poetry, or refers at all to those productions of his which were then on every tongue. It is amazing to see how indifferent she is to any thing but her own raptures and self-reproach. "Delicacy," spelt with a capital D, is on every page, yet the candid reader cannot but ask why, if she was so troubled, did she not let the poet alone.

Her Scotch prudence has a hard battle with sentimentalism. In one of her most rapturous letters she says:

"MY DEAREST FRIEND: There are two wishes uppermost in my mind: to see you think alike with Clarinda on religion, and settled in some creditable line of business!"

This to the author of the "Cottar's Saturday Night!" to the author of "Mary in Heaven!" to the very man who was at that time writing to her "Clarinda!" the beautiful lines beginning—

"Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambskins that bleat o'er the braes;
While birds warble welcome in like green shaw,
But to me it's delightful—my Nannie's awa'."

It has occurred to some of us that Burns was in very good business indeed when he was writing those very lines; but, to the woman who loved him (and who also loved herself very much better), they were comparatively unimportant.

A distinguished poet of the present day is said to have married his wife because she had never read his poetry, and cared nothing for literary fame, loving him, the man, for his auburn hair and fine blue eyes. Perhaps a woman in love cares little for the intellectual reputation of her lover; but it seems to us impossible that a woman could help quoting some of those immortal love-lyrics to the man who had the generosity to praise her poor little lines, and to read gravely, and criti-

cise kindly, Clarinda's "Ode to a Blackbird," when his own "Meadow Lark" was carolling its morning cadences through the September air.

On Friday morning, February 8th, at seven of the clock, Sylvander writes this beautiful little letter to Clarinda:

"Your fears for Mary are truly laughable. I suppose, my love, you and I showed her a scene which perhaps made her wish that she had a swain, and one who could love like me, and 'tis a thousand pities that so good a heart as hers should want an aim, an object.

"I am miserably stupid this morning, Saturday. I dined with a baronet, and sat pretty late over the bottle. 'And who hath woe—who hath sorrow? they that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine.' Forgive me, likewise, a quotation from my favorite author. Solomon's knowledge of the world was very great. He may be looked on as the 'spectator' or 'adventurer' of his day; and it is indeed surprising what a sameness has ever been in human nature. The broken but strongly characterizing hints that the royal author gives us of the manners of the court of Jerusalem and country of Israel are, in their great outlines, the same pictures that London and England, Versailles and France, exhibit some three thousand years later. The loves in the 'Song of Songs' are all in the spirit of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu or Ninon de l'Eclou, though, for my part, I dislike the ancient and modern voluptuaries, and will dare to affirm that such an attachment as mine to Clarinda, and such evenings as she and I have spent, are what these greatly respectable, and deeply experienced judges of life and love never dreamed of.

"I shall be with you this evening between eight and nine, and shall keep as sober hours as you could wish.

"I am, ever dear madam, yours,

"SYLVANDER."

There is no reason why the book which contains the whole of this singular correspondence should be rare, as it was published in England and in this country about the year 1842, and edited by the grandson of Mrs. McLehose. But the fact remains that it is somewhat rare, and unknown to the present generation of readers. Every word in it is choice and valuable, not only as relating to Burns, but as showing the superficial differences of style and manner in phraseology, while, alas! the old weaknesses of the human heart, the specious arguments of platonic affection, remain, as Burns says of "the ancient and modern voluptuaries," the same in every age.

I find but one sentence in broad dialect in these letters; it occurs in one of his "convivial" epistles, and is as follows:

"May the haud-naled benisons o' Heaven bless your bonnie face, and the wratch wha skellies at your welfare, may the auld tinkler deil get him to clout his rotten heart! Amen."

In the same letter I find two verses which I do not remember to have seen in any volume of Burns's poetry:

"In vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear;
Above that world on wings of love I rise,
I know its worst, and can that worst despise.

"Wronged, injured, shunned, unpitied, unredrest,
The mocked quotation of the scorner's jest;
Let Prudence' drest bodements on me fall,
Clarinda, rich reward, o'erpay me them all."

M. E. W. S.

A SUMMER TOUR IN HIGH LATITUDES.

SCANDINAVIA, FINLAND, RUSSIA.

BY ALEXANDER DELMAR, LATE DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND MEMBER OF THE EIGHTH CONGRESS OF NATIONS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

II.

THE road from Hamburg to Kiel lies through the finest part of Scandinavia. It was what would be called in Indiana a fine rolling country, alternately hill and dale, except where a pretty little plain occasionally interposed. The farms are thoroughly cultivated, the peasants' cottages are of wood, one story high, heavily and cumbrously thatched, and generally painted red; the peasants themselves are comfortably clothed, and apparently well fed, and a general air of industry and thrift is perceived on all sides. Nevertheless it is evident that the peasant here, as elsewhere in Europe generally, merely plods through life. His shoes are of wood; his clothing is coarse and heavy; the implements with which he tills the earth are rude and uncouth; his plough is drawn by oxen; his corn is ground by windmills, one of which stands on every mortal hill in Denmark; his fire is fed by peat-fuel, which women, naked to the knees, dig from the damp earth, and pile up in curious little stacks by the roadside.

A short ride brought us to Kiel, fifty-one miles north of Hamburg, a place fast superseding Lubeck as a seaport of consequence. There we took steamer for Copenhagen. The vessel, like all European passenger-boats, though swift, was narrow, small, and uncomfortable in every respect. Our floating palace was about the size of the ordinary American schooner-yacht. She was provided with berths for, say, a dozen cabin-passengers, and had on board not fewer than two hundred. Among these were M. Jean de Pompery, delegate from Hungary to the Statistical Congress, a gentleman whom I here met for the first time, but whose society I subsequently enjoyed much of during my tour; and Mr. Robert Brandt, the celebrated artist of the Via Bambuino, Rome. The latter, a native of Russia, but long a resident of Italy, and a thorough Italian in manners and warmth of heart, was accompanied by his two young sons, fine lads, with beautiful oval faces, Romans by birth and education. As for languages, they spoke every thing.

After supper, the passengers disposed themselves for sleep. The dining-table, the stern-sheets, even the floor of the cabin, were made use of for this purpose. Jensen brought his two hundred pounds of available flesh to anchor on three camp-stools, and, with his head on his massive chest, cultivated twelve

hours of nightmare, while I walked the deck above, and consumed the hours by emptying my cigar-case.

In many places the shores of Holstein and Zealand were in sight as we passed along. It was a bright moonlit night, and the view was quite plain. It presented the same features as previously from the car-windows—well-cultivated though small farms, red cottages, thatched roofs, and plenty of windmills.

After a weary night of deck-walking on my part, we entered Copenhagen Harbor in time to breakfast ashore. The Hôtel d'Angleterre was recommended by Jensen, who knew all about the city, and it verified all his praises.

Though one of the three great cities of Scandinavia, the mere tourist soon exhausts Copenhagen. Two hours at Thorwaldsen's Museum, one hour at the Exposition, ten minutes at Notre-Dame, to view Thorwaldsen's "Christ and Twelve Apostles," a glance at the famous Norse antiquities in the Historical Museum, a peep at the Bourse or Stock Exchange and its quaint steeple of twisted dragons'-tails, a dinner at the Tivoli, and an afternoon's drive through the magnificent Royal Park of great oak-trees and noble lawns, with the sea in full view, and the sea-breeze whistling throughout, cooling its fine drives and bridle-paths—and Copenhagen is done. But there are other matters worthier of attention in Denmark. A word, first, of prices at Copenhagen. Here is my bill at the Hôtel d'Angleterre:

	Rigsd.	Mks.	Skp.	Cts.
Breakfast, coffee, rolls, eggs, etc.	3	0	25	
Dinner, <i>table d'hôte</i> , very good	1	1	0	58
Wine	3	0	25	
Coffee and cigars	2	8	25	
Lodging, one day	1	0	50	
Candles	2	8	17	
Drosky (hack)	2	0	17	
	4	1	8	\$2.15

Add eighty-five cents for porters' and waiters' fees, and the sum of the day's hotel-expenses was about three dollars in American gold. This, at the best hotel in town, is certainly not dear; nevertheless, prices generally in Copenhagen are advancing rapidly to the level of those in England. Wages are still low, but the cost of living is comparatively high, and this accounts for the continued tendency of the people to emigrate to America.

Of course, I do not wish to be understood that increase of wages is the sole or even the main inducement to emigrate. Our form of government, our system of political and social equality, and our religious and educational institutions, have much to do with it; but, if they are counterbalanced, as they often are, by love of Fatherland, it must be admitted that high wages, even though accompanied by high cost of living, do much toward inducing the sturdy Norsemen to seek homes in the far West. But more of this when we get to Sweden.

The following prices, reduced to American gold, are from the bill-of-fare at the Tivoli Gardens, a famous place of resort in Copenhagen:

	Cents.
Bouillon	6
Same, with eggs	8
Hamburg soup	12
Soup, with pastry-balls	8

	Cents.
Filet of fish, with champignons	17
Codfish, sauce hollandaise	17
Cutlet	19
Cutlet, with olives	21
Beefsteak and potatoes	21
Beefsteak, breaded	25
Lamb cutlet	17
Filet of beef, with champignons	21
Macaroni	17
Salad	4
Potatoes	4
Lettuce	6
Cold meats, per plate	21
Caviare	8
Sardines	3
Cheese	8
Omelette aux confitures	13
Melon	8
Vanilla ice-cream	8
Coffee	5
To wash your hands	2

The last item is not calculated to strengthen American confidence in Scandinavian institutions; but, for the good name of that country, I must say that I found it peculiar to Copenhagen and the Tivoli. These prices seem low compared with ours; but, when the fees of waiters, porters, and other "extras" are counted, it will be found that a dinner in Copenhagen costs very little less than it does in New York or London.

Denmark, exclusive of Sleswick-Holstein and its dependencies, contains about 14,550 English square miles of territory, and a population of 1,608,095. Of this number, 359,206 are urban and 1,241,345 suburban; so that it is seen to be chiefly an agricultural state.

The following table shows the occupation of the people. Out of every thousand workers, there are:

Agriculturists	396
Manufacturers and traders	228
Day-laborers	187
Commercial classes	53
Mariners	29
Paupers	20
Ministers, school-masters, etc.	16
Pensioners, etc.	15
Servants	13
Civil officers	12
Army and navy officers	9
Capitalists	9
Scientific and literary and university students	7
No fixed means of living	5
In prison	1
	1,000

This table does not include the females and children constituting the families of the workers.

I found occupation for a day in Copenhagen in wandering about the wharves, examining the queer craft that tie up at them, and the queerer cargoes they bring and take. These vessels look more like Chinese junks than anything else I can call to mind. Every care seems to have been taken in their construction to render them as unfit as possible for fast sailing. Bluff bows, swollen runs, high poops, masts raking forward, bowsprits almost perpendicular, rudders that constitute a cargo of themselves, it was a mortal wonder to me how these people ever managed to render themselves respected, much less dreaded, on the sea, as undoubtedly they were once.

The inward cargoes were chiefly of naval stores and lumber—but such lumber! Little pinched fir-trees, dwarfed with Norwegian winters, or starved upon Finnish summers, crabbed with knots and heavy with bark.

There was not a decent floor-board to be had out of a whole cargo of their best lumber. This was especially noticeable to an American; and I subsequently found the same to hold good throughout Scandinavia. The timber is all small and stunted, and the forms of wood-work were modified by this fact. The best wooden-ware in all these countries came from America—plough-handles, rakes, churns, house-furnishing goods, etc.

The entire surface of Denmark is a plain, in some parts elevated above the sea, in others depressed below it. Fierce winds sweep over the little kingdom, and often lay it waste. To remedy this, trees are planted in many parts, and the government takes care that they are not cut down. The building of canals is another government specialty in Denmark. Its small area, and almost insular position, place all its forts within easy reach of one another by water, and canals constitute the legitimate form of local travel, where the sparsity of population and the hopelessness of future development render the expense of railways unwarrantable.

Yes, the hopelessness of future development! Denmark, and perhaps the other countries of Scandinavia, but certainly Denmark, has no future, and will want none until she falls, as fall she must, sooner or later, under the domination of Germany. This is the great subject of thought to-day among intellectual men in all the high latitudes of Europe—German domination, or, more properly speaking, union with Germany. The common origin of Scandinavians and Germans; the affinity of their languages, their religion, and forms of government; their common adventurous character, and aspiration for a more active career—all these are factors in the calculation. Nor are there wanting others. The Danes want Sleswick-Holstein again; the Swedes regret Finland; and Germany only, can help them to regain these lost realms. But the mainspring is that first mentioned—the desire for development. With Germany on the south, and England and Russia on the west and east, Scandinavia is forever imprisoned with her own eternal north winds and ice-fields, and forbidden to grow. The native energy of her population is opposed by the consciousness that there is no room for future development, and they sink into home-keeping lethargy and despair, who otherwise would make the world ring with valorous deeds and enterprises of commercial importance. I never saw a more lack-lustre race than the descendants of the famous Norse kings. There is not a particle of "go" in them. Every thing is frightfully old-fashioned with them—dresses, ships, houses, pavements, and prices, for, upon the whole, prices are lower in Scandinavia, and particularly in Sweden, than elsewhere in Christendom. And obviously the only remedy for this state of affairs is the destruction of the petty sovereignties that occasion it.

From Copenhagen, where I parted with my companion of voyage, to meet him again at Stockholm, I ran over in a small steamer to Malmö, the southernmost port in Sweden. This was a trip of an hour. Here was my first encounter with European custom-houses. Upon entering England, there had been no

examination of my luggage. My word, as to what constituted it, was taken by the inspector. Neither had there been any examination at Hamburg, nor, so far as I can remember, at the frontiers of Denmark. But in Sweden they were more particular, and my linen collars and tooth-brushes were examined with relentless severity. However, there was no intimation of "hatchets," as they say in New York, and I soon found myself cleared for Gothenburg, via Jönköping, on a first-class carriage of the *Statens Jernvägar*, or state-railway. The distance from Malmö to Jönköping is 29 Swedish or 191.4 English miles; fare, first class, \$28.40 Swedish, or \$7.63 American; second-class, \$21.36 Swedish, or \$5.75 American—gold. Time, eight hours. The landscape is often beautiful, and always interesting. The agricultural features resemble those of Denmark—small farms, thorough cultivation, thatched cottages, plenty of cattle, and old-fashioned tools. The natural features were far more interesting: the hills were bolder, the valleys deeper, the streams larger and much more numerous, and many lakes appeared. Sweden has about 168,000 English square miles of surface, and a population (1867) of 4,195,681, mainly agricultural. Her canal and railway system, the latter now embracing nearly a thousand miles of line, has greatly developed her manufacturing interests of late years. The town to which I was bound, Jönköping, was a signal illustration of this fact.

This is an interior town, whose sole industry is the manufacture of matches. It is beautifully situated among the hills, near Lake Wetter. The great Gotha Canal passes through it, and brings to its solid and clean stone wharfs steam-vessels of considerable burden. Railways connect it with both Göteborg and Stockholm. The town is solidly and neatly built, and possesses one of the best hotels in Europe, a fine fire-proof building, with lofty chambers, an excellent management, and marvelously low prices (about two dollars per day, all told). The town presents generally an air of great thrift. We arrived from Malmö at 10 p. m. As the train approached Jönköping, it passed through an illuminated garden, from which issued sounds of instrumental music. The unexpectedness and charm of this incident afforded an indescribable pleasure to a traveler, wearied with eight hours of railway imprisonment and jolting, and stamped a most agreeable impression of the place on my mind. Half an hour afterward I was in the same garden, which, I found, belonged to the hotel, and smoked my cigar to the accompaniment of the village orchestra.

Next morning I strolled over the place and saw the great match-factory, where lucifers are made for the most distant markets of the world. The matches are inodorous, will not ignite unless rubbed upon a particular kind of sand-paper, leave no spark when blown out, and will cease to burn the moment they are flung out of hand. I saw a number of ignited matches thrown into a heap of shavings, yet they failed to set fire to it, the flame going out the moment they were flung. Children may play with such matches with impunity. The fires that are said so often to

occur from the gnawing of matches by rats could not happen if the Swedish matches were generally used.

Left Jönköping at 7.17 a. m., Falköping (junction) 9.14, and arrived at Göteborg at 12.54, noon-time, nearly three and three-quarter hours, distance one hundred and fourteen and a quarter English miles, fare about three dollars and thirty-one cents American gold. I found, generally, that first-class railway fares in Sweden were about three cents per mile. Most of the railways are owned and worked by the government, and the system is excellent. It, however, awaits American improvements, particularly in carriages. It is impossible to pass from one car to another. The sleeping-carriage is unknown; the check-rope passes over the top of the car out of reach of the passengers; the break, instead of being on every car, is affixed to only one or two so-called "break-vans," as in England; and "through-checks" for each article of baggage are among the luxuries of travel as yet undivined. As for closets, ice-water, exchange-checks, and other familiar conveniences of American travel, Sweden knows them not.

Göteborg, or Gothenburg, as we spell it, although the second seaport and commercial town of Sweden, contains little of interest to the traveler. I came here to commence my trip through the great Gotha Canal, which commences at this point and terminates at Stockholm. I expected to see nothing, and to take the first boat for the lakes. I was agreeably disappointed, for here I witnessed the interesting process of gathering and shipping the hardy Scandinavian emigrants, who form the best class of persons that arrive in the United States from Europe.

The Inman and National steamship lines have branch offices in Göteborg. Here the emigrants rendezvous until the sailing of their steamers for Hull, London, etc. This occurs every few days. One of these vessels was ready to depart on the day after I arrived in Göteborg. It was peculiarly interesting to me to see these emigrants, full of health, neatly dressed, the fire of hope and the tear of sorrow struggling for dominancy in their eyes, their lips compressed with quiet determination, and their hands closed over their little purses. So soon as they knew I was an American, and but recently from the land of promise, they clustered around me and listened eagerly to the replies I made to their endless questions. They said that if I would only travel through Sweden and tell the people generally what I told them, the entire kingdom would embark for America. To one who has seen these same emigrants land at New York after a steerage-voyage across the ocean, their ruddy cheeks pale by confinement, their dresses soiled, their hopes dashed by bad treatment on the voyage, and the thousand petty inconveniences that beset the emigrant traveler, this eagerness to emigrate would seem almost unaccountable.

But the truth is, Sweden is comparatively an effete country. Everywhere but in Stockholm there pervades an air of sluggishness, of languor, of fatigue. I had a draft from Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co. upon a banking-house in Göteborg. It was a warm summer afternoon

when I called to cash it. As I entered the counting-room the clock struck two. I did not issue from it until four o'clock. Meanwhile I was waiting, signing, certifying, and I know not what else, and all on account of a twenty-pound or ten-pound draft, I forget which. There was nobody else there but the officers of the bank, no other business to be done, and yet it required two hours, and cost me two per cent. commission, to cash a little draft on a circular letter of credit. Nothing but the chronic sluggishness of Scandinavian custom, the evident result of effete institutions and a blank political future (for the Scandinavians are sharp and quick enough in America and England), can account for this medievalism.

There is a fine equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus and a pretty public park and gardens in Göteborg. The Mindre Theatre, where I saw the one-act comedietta of "En Oslipad Diamant," and "Skeppsgossen," a three-act comedy of Emile Souvestre, is also well worthy a visit, the performances being most excellent. At the Hôtel Götha-Källare, a tolerable inn, fare about a dollar and a half per day, I first encountered the custom of "first dinner," which I afterward found to be quite common in high latitudes. On a side-board in the dining-room is spread a variety of *hors-d'œuvre*, or side-dishes, cold, such as sardines, caviare, salmon, cheese, bread-and-butter, etc., and a number of liquors, as brandy, *brandt-rin*, the native liquor, *Semkon-ponsh* (Swedish punch), cordials, etc. These you were expected to partake of before sitting down to dinner.

It was at Göteborg that the most interesting portion of my tour in high latitudes began, and, following the example of all writers who have any thing very interesting to communicate, I shall break off at this point, deferring the Gotha Canal, the wonders of Tröllhattan, and the exquisite scenes in the lake-country, until my next.

IN TENEBRIS:

AN ADVENTURE IN A CAVE.

IT is not pleasant to be lost in a cave. This was my experience only a few days ago; and, urged by those who have listened to my simple narration of my adventure to "write it out while the impressions of it are fresh," I shall comply, as I best can, with their wish.

I had gone to the lower border of the beautiful Berkshire region for the purpose of visiting and depicting a remarkable mountain-gorge, known as "Sage's Ravine." I say "known," but I must use the word in a very limited sense, for, although the locality belongs, in part at least, to Berkshire, I made not a few vain inquiries of intelligent middle-Berkshire men as to its whereabouts. Most of them did not even know of its existence, and I finally obtained sufficient information for my purpose from a remoter source.

My approach to the desired spot was by railway into the northern part of Litchfield County, in the State of mythical wooden-nutmeg fame; and the little iron-hamlet of

Chapinville was the base of my operations and adventures. I have recently described the attractions of Sage's Ravine in these columns, and have, therefore, no more to do with them in this sketch. The wild mountain-torrent has its glooms and its possibilities of terror even, but these were not included in the shadows which involved me in *tenebris*.

These were, however, a sequence to my visit—in the heart of the most golden and crimson October I ever remember—to Sage's Ravine. I had accomplished the mountain adventure, and returned to the village of Chapinville, expecting there to take an evening train that should carry me back into the heart of Berkshire by bedtime.

My plan was overruled by the courtesy of my voluntary host, at whose hospitable table the attractions of the immediate neighborhood were so pressed on my attention, that I yielded to his persuasions, and lingered overnight, that I might, in the morning, see the "Twin Lakes" and the Salisbury Cave.

Never was there a lovelier October morning than that which broke upon my Chapinville slumbers. Breakfast was served early, and the table graced by the presence and fresh young beauty of my hostess, with whom—to my equal surprise and delight—I found myself traditionally connected by associations of family friendship running back for forty years. My hosts were at once my friends.

Much as I regretted, when the horses were brought round for the circuit of the "Twin Lakes," that household duties would deprive me of the companionship of my fair and new-found friend, I must confess that not long afterward I rejoiced, through all the nerves and fibres of my frame, that she was not with me in *tenebris*.

The "Twin Lakes," with their pretty Indian names of Waushinee and Waushkinëen, are indeed charming bits of water-view, and especially characterized by the beauty of their shores. Their sapphire waters have exquisitely-rounded outlines of beach, now sandy or pebbled, but always skirted with picturesque wood-growth, through which the carriage-drive winds, scarcely ever out of view of "the blue above and the blue below" of sky and lake, in charming confusion.

My purpose to take a forenoon train obliged my host to make a rapid circuit of these pretty waters, and we left them to seek Mr. Odinbright, the proprietor, I believe, or at least the *curator*, of the Salisbury Cave. We found him in his garden, preparing to go to a neighboring market on business so special that he felt himself constrained to deny Mr. L.—'s request for his personal escort to the cave, and to depute one of his men for the service we required.

I, of course, made no demurrer to this piece of proxy-work, though it had been well for me if I had done so, for then I should have known at first, perhaps, what at last I learned, that the substituted guide was but little better acquainted with the cave-passages than my friend Mr. L.—.

The road to the cave lies in a thick grove of young pines, and afforded, in its deep-green fringes and canopy, a striking contrast to the rainbow-tinted and cinctured woods through

which we had been driving for an hour in full view of the grander mosaics of color presented by the near and remoter hills. The immediate surroundings of Salisbury Cave entrance are the closet which covers its stairways, and a building close by, where cave-dresses and appliances, with some simple refreshments, are kept for the supply of visitors.

At the cave Mr. L.— informed me of his intention to visit his ore-beds, at no great distance, and then to return and meet us in the cavern. I was speedily disguised, to my own sight even, in the loosely-fitting waterproof sack, overalls, and cap, which the fashion of the cave prescribed, and thus accoutred I followed Dorchay into the cave-portal, each of us bearing a lighted candle on a wooden sconce.

The first descent for fifty feet was by stairs, and through rude passages in the rough rock. For fifteen minutes we traversed the easy openings, and paused here and there to examine and admire fringes and exfoliations, clusters and columns, of deposited stone, many them semi-transparent, and shining beautifully with the candle-flame behind them. Everywhere the low ceilings were adrip with the viscous, lime-saturated fluid, evermore hardening into grotesque or graceful forms. There was, however, nothing of special interest in either stalactite or stalagmite to detain our steps, which were purposely rapid, and we ascended toward the sky again, supposing we had "done" Salisbury Cave. Near the final flight of steps to the portals, I saw another flight trending downward, at quite an angle with our first direction, and I proposed a descent. Dorchay exhibited some hesitation, but we went quickly down until he stopped at the mouth of what I may call a well, for it is a sheer drop in the path, through ten feet of solid rock, narrow and damp. At the bottom of it the path becomes sharply sloping and difficult, requiring that sort of progression so humiliating to man, however natural to his monkey progenitors, which is designated "on all-fours." On all-fours we went behind our torches into a chamber, irregular but beautiful with cave decorations, *à la règle*. A fine stalagmite, in the form of a cluster-column, stood just at the entrance, and gave promise of much variety beyond it.

I suppose the intricacies and incrustations of this second cave would have attracted me for a much longer time, had I not set brief limits to the excursion, and had I not seen, with something of dismay, that only an inch of candle remained on my "stick," and that my guide's measure of illumination was even less than my own. In reply to my question if he had spare candles, he said "No," and immediately all our thought was of quick return to the unstinted sunlight outside of the ugly tomb of rock into which we had penetrated.

It was at this time that I learned how little I could rely upon Dorchay's guidance, although he waited for a moment of exigence to make the further disclosure to me that he knew very little of the cave, and came very reluctantly as my escort, instead of the proper janitor and guide.

Up and out was the watchword, and we passed the sentinel stalagmite pillar briskly, and struck into an intricate passage just beyond it. In two minutes, at the outside, I saw Dorchay's candle flickering for its final flash. It went out, and I passed my more faithful flambeau into his leading hand, bidding him make all possible haste to the sun.

We clambered hard, for the slope was up now, and not down. We passed way-marks, which we both remembered, and yet, in another minute, Dorchay stopped, and declared we were wrong! I could not believe it. The climbing was sharp, the passage narrow, and the rapidly-waning candle added to the discouragements of the position. Arrived at the bottom of the sink, or well, Dorchay vowed we must be wrong, for there was no possible egress there. Then I consented—taking counsel of my apprehension of the terrors of profound darkness overtaking us in those crypts and sarcophagi of jagged rocks—to creep ignominiously back, and, with one single half-inch of candle yet burning, we went again to a small arched chamber, nigh a stream which tinkled and chanted a sort of warning to us, and afterward *scolded* out a long and monotonous *miserere*, the murmurs of which assumed to my imagination the tone of pity or mockery as my moods shifted.

Under our arched roof, which we could just touch, and the whole breadth of whose vault our outstretched arms could span, we stood almost shut out by the rock which encompassed the crypt as low as our knees. There we held a council. We had perhaps two minutes' more light, and we surveyed the immediate surroundings of our crypt. We were near the brook, but to reach it we must creep, and all other outgoings were slippery and scrambling at the best. To stay where we were was a first resolve, but yielded as quickly to my protest that we were *not* wrong in our first essay to get out. Dorchay, uncertain, and self-reproached that he had brought no extra candles, yielded to my will, and we actually retraced our former steps at least half-way. This time my own faith failed, so difficult seemed the path, and the very way-marks I trusted before lost their inspiration.

I consented to a swift retreat, and, before the last gleam of our candle faded, we were back beneath the friendly dome. Here we coaxed our wooden sconces into filling the office of lamps, with pieces of matches stuck into the waste tallow for wicks; and this uncertain light served us to look for some hopeful exit we had not tried. When our arts failed, and darkness shrouded us, my first sensations were, I confess it, those of apprehension and alarm.

We were two hundred feet down in the stony entrails of the earth, and dared not leave our position. The chill of the cave now became oppressive, striking through our slender garments, which, however, kept us dry, at least, from the drip and exudations of the walls and roofs. A little reflection served to banish first fears, teaching us that our imprisonment must have a limit. Odinbright, the real guide, who knew the passages, would surely be back before night, and, missing Dorchay, he would divine the difficulty, and

come to our rescue. Better still was the prospect that Mr. L——, coming back from the ore-beds, would find that we had not emerged from the cavern, and would seek us himself. But, did he know the cave? and would he drop through that ugly sink-hole alone? These questions we canvassed, and then it was I learned that Dorchay had never before been where we now were!

We had to resist the growing sense of chilliness and dampness by such slight gymnastics as we could with safety practise upon our pedestal. If, in the course of our exercises, we turned us about, we could not thereafter reassure ourselves that we were looking in the supposed direction of escape.

After a while I thought I would exercise my vocal as well as my muscular appliances. I sung, I shouted, I screamed, in the highest key I could catch, knowing that high notes go farthest. To some of these efforts there appeared to come answers, which we took for echoes. The time seemed to go more slowly than I think I ever knew it before. We had a box of matches, and could get momentary light for reading our watches, and it chanced that we made pretty accurate guesses at half-hour intervals. It was nine when we entered the cave, and, before ten, we had taken up our serio-comic position of semi-despair and semi-impatience in our rocky crypt. Hour after hour thus passed away, with occasional excitements of listening for what seemed to be calls and movements, succeeded by the awful silence which only the *miserere* of the cave-brook broke.

Where was L——? Had he come to the cave and dared not enter alone? or had he gone to seek some one who knew the passages, and perhaps after Odinbright? To all these queries we made answer to each other *pour passer le temps*; but there was no light in any quarter, or upon any point.

No light! I never felt the *power* of darkness as I did in that cave. Very curious, too, were the sensations and impressions which accompanied my intense *outlook*. Although I knew that there was absolutely nothing less than solid rock all around my eyes, except when I stooped below the skirt of the limestone shroud that enfolded us, still I fancied I could see far depths of space mottled with faint light, and could not persuade myself, save by many fruitless experiments, that I might not bring shadows upon the spaces I seemed to see into by passing my hand before my eyes. Sometimes I saw my fingers as distinctly, it seemed, as in a strong, rosy light. Vagaries, all, of the visual nerves, I knew, but nevertheless resources of amusement during dull, despondent hours of utter and therefore most pitiable helplessness.*

* A paragraph has gone "the rounds of the press," for the past month, attributing this adventure to Professor Hitchcock, of Amherst—a mistake which doubtless grew out of the oral report of the adventure in the vicinity of the cave. As this paragraph is not only erroneous in regard to the person of the adventure, but also states that "the professor, on gaining the mouth of the cave, fainted away," the author deems it proper to amend this report, and to exonerate Professor Hitchcock both from the folly of going into a cave with only a bit of candle, and from the weakness of fainting when he got happily out of it. For my own part, I am sure I did not do the latter.

Dorchay mourned his deserted work, and his dinner laid for him smoking in vain. He had no apprehension, I am sure, of long detention there, and I indeed had little, except that I worried myself with the thought that possibly we had reached this cave by an unusual way—that of the well—and that the ordinary passage into it might be disused—blocked, perhaps; and, if so, even Odinbright might fail at first, if not altogether, to seek us there. I knew this was weak logic, but I was in the mood for loose arguments, and could not help them.

Late in the afternoon, while we were trying to while away the tedious time with new speculations, there fell across our eyes a welcome gleam, and our eager shout of relief was instantly answered by the merry laugh of Odinbright, who appeared with his candle at the farther end of a long chamber, and just abreast of the stalagmite pillar.

We were soon out of the gloomy depths, almost disdainfully slighting the guide's inquiries if we had seen this or that, or if we had gone up this passage or up that. We wanted to see the sun again before he should bid the world good-night, and I must confess I did not laugh heartily until we had looked into his ruddy October face; no, not even when Dorchay was obliged to confess that we had reached the very mouth of the sink, and, had we climbed it, might have flung our inch of still-burning candle into the very eyes of the king of day as a tribute to his blessed beams.

L—— was at the mouth of the cave, laughing merrily beneath his robes of mud, which needed explanation. He had returned about ten o'clock, and immediately followed us into the first cave. There he made his way into all possible and some impossible passages, and, at a certain point, heard our voices—our songs, and shouts, and occasional laughter. These he answered, and at such times we were not many feet asunder, but in different caves. He did not know of the existence of the cave we were in, and hence his perplexity. At length he found Odinbright, happily home early from his journey, and the sequel is known. We were set free from the damps and darkness and doubts of the Salisbury Cave; and, against the record of my little adventure in my diary, there stands this memorandum, which I suppose Bernand would call a "happy thought," notwithstanding it was only an after-thought:

"When you go into a cave, be sure and carry plenty of candles!"

W. C. RICHARDS.

THE BUSH AND THE ROSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY JOEL BENTON.

"WHY return you so soon
To a life full of woes,
Poor flower of one noon?"

Said the Bush to the Rose.

"I come not without good,"

Said the Rose, dewy wet;

"A sweet odor I leave,

And I take no regret."

A DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA.*

A NOVEL.

By CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER X.

"The weakest woman is pitiless to weakness in a man, and the gentlest of a gentle sex has no mitigation of scorn for the man that has betrayed the gentlest quality of her nature—implicit trust."
"There is no pardon for desecrated ideals."

THE soft summer twilight was exquisitely mingled with the faint lustre of a new moon—a pretty, baby crescent hanging in the still, tinted sky—when Norah strolled across the lawn toward the rose-hedge, where the mocking-bird had piped so sweet a lay the evening before. But mocking-birds can be fickle as well as men. From the leafy depths came no delicious trill or full-throated note to-night. Save for a few irrepressible katydid, all was stillness and silence in this part of the grounds. The fresh fragrance of grass and flowers, the great oaks, with their brown trunks and mighty depths of shade, the stately magnolias, and tropical shrubs, all seemed full of that supreme magic of repose which dwells in midsummer gloaming. Athwart the grass, and against the hedges, fire-flies were beginning to gleam in their fitful way; but other sign of life there was none. Perhaps the dewy freshness, the perfect quiet, the shadowy loveliness of the scene, served Miss Desmond's purpose as well as the mocking-bird could have done. At all events, she did not retrace her steps toward the house; but, finding a convenient garden-chair, she sat down, looking like a fair dream-lady, outlined by the dark shrubbery behind.

In this place and attitude Max Tyndale found her when he crossed the lawn and entered the shrubbery ten minutes later, having been sent by Miss Grahame in search of the wanderer, somewhat to his own discomfort, and greatly to Carl's disgust. "How well she has arranged herself for effect!" was his first thought. "What an actress she is!" Then, pausing, he lifted his hat.

"I have the honor to obey your summons, Miss Desmond," he said, coldly.

"You are very kind," answered Miss Desmond, more coldly still. She did not rise, but only looked at him, with a certain proud steadfastness, as he stood before her, erect and tall, in the soft dusk. "You are very kind," she repeated, after a second's pause; "but I am sure you are aware that I should not have troubled you with any 'summons' if I had not desired to learn what end your cousin or yourself hope to serve by the acquaintance which you did me the honor to claim at dinner?"

The challenge came more quickly and more peremptorily than he had expected. Despite his large fund of imperturbable coolness, Max felt the blood rushing warmly to his face. After all, it was an awkward position; and, Bohemian though she might be, the girl looked just then like an archduchess.

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1912, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Somewhat to his own surprise, he found himself a little confused in his reply.

"If you will allow me to explain," he said, "I do not think that you will find that Arthur that any one beside myself is accountable for the act of presumption of which I acknowledge that I was guilty at dinner."

"I have found that men are rarely guilty, even of an act of presumption, without some motive for it," said she, haughtily. "Yours is not difficult to find. Your cousin was in an awkward position, and you were kind enough to rescue him at the slight expense of truth. I am not so dull but that I can read clearly enough *that far*. What puzzles me is to imagine what good end he proposes to serve by such a stratagem. Does he think that, if I choose to open my lips, he will be likely to gain anything by the desperate policy of denying that he ever knew me? If so, he must be prepared to deny also the evidence of his own letters. Or perhaps you, sir, will affirm that you were also the Tyndale who wrote those?"

"I shall certainly not affirm any thing which is untrue, mademoiselle," answered Max. "And you must pardon me if I repeat that you are entirely wrong in supposing that I claimed your acquaintance falsely, in order to serve any interest that my cousin may have."

"With or without an interest, the fact remains that you spoke falsely!" said she, imperiously. "You cannot deny it."

"Pardon me again; but I must have expressed myself very badly, or you must have understood me very ill, if you have not yet comprehended that I do deny it most emphatically."

"You deny it—to me!" Great as was her natural fluency and command of language, her power of expression seemed for a moment to go no further than that. "You are playing a bolder game than I thought, monsieur," she said, then, contemptuously. "You will tell me, next, that we are indeed old acquaintances—that I have danced with you at Baden, and flirted at Homburg. *Grâce à Dieu!* I should have remembered that denial is, after all, only a matter of words; and how little words count with any of your sex, I learned long ago."

"Mademoiselle," said Max, who began to feel as if it were within the range of possible events that he might lose his temper, "I repeat, again, that you are charging me with falsehood in the most causeless and unprovoked manner. I have no connection whatever with my cousin's affairs; and, in saying at dinner that I had seen you abroad, I said nothing more than was strictly true."

"In that case," said she, throwing back her head with an air of defiance, "you can certainly tell when and where you met me, and how it is that such a fact should have escaped my memory altogether."

"It is not remarkable that your memory should not bear testimony to a fact which never had a place in it," he said, coolly. "If you will do me the justice to remember, I did not venture to say at dinner that I had *known* you abroad, but simply that I had *seen* you. This was perfectly true. I saw you, two years ago, at the opera, in Paris."

Even through the twilight—momentarily growing deeper—he caught the scornful and incredulous curl of her lip.

"I congratulate you on your inventive powers, monsieur," she said. "Such a very definite place and date certainly put your assertion beyond all dispute."

"You may believe me or not, as you choose," answered he, beginning to grow a little haughty in turn; "but I speak on my honor as a gentleman when I say that I remembered your face the moment I saw it in the drawing-room before dinner. Up to that time, I had not entertained the faintest idea that I had ever seen you; but the instant the sun sank—you remember how it dazzled our eyes?—I said to myself: 'Here is the face I saw at the opera, in Paris, two years ago!'"

"What lucky coincidences there are in this world!" said she, dryly. "How fortunate that you should have made this discovery just when it would benefit your cousin so much!"

"I see that you doubt me still," he said. "As far as I am concerned, that is not a matter of any importance; but, for Arthur's sake, I should like you to believe that I am speaking the truth. It is not likely that you remember one special night in June two years ago; but I do—partly because of other events, partly because one does not often see such a face as yours. I remember the people who were with you, and, if necessary, I could tell even the color of the dress you wore."

She looked at him quickly and keenly; baffled, however, by the growing obscurity which veiled his face as it veiled the trees and shrubs and distant uplands.

"If this is true," she said, at last, "I beg your pardon. Instead of accusing you of falsehood, it seems that I should only have accused you of equivocation; which is as bad!"

"To that charge I must plead guilty," answered he. "But two things tempted me: one was to assist Arthur; the other (if you will pardon me), to mystify you."

"Mystify me, you did not," said she, coldly. "You only made me believe that you were assisting your cousin at the expense of your own honor—if, indeed, a man ever counts his honor forfeited by a lie."

"I am afraid your experience among men has been very unfortunate."

"It has been very extensive, at least."

"There are many classes of men, however."

"I have known many of all classes—your cousin among the rest."

"Will you give me leave to inquire," said he, abruptly, "how it is that you take it so entirely for granted that I am aware of Arthur's connection with yourself?"

She laughed slightly—the faint cadence, though with little of mirth in it, ringing out sweetly enough on the still, evening air.

"I learned to read faces early," she answered. "It cost me no effort to read in your face, the moment your eyes fell on me: 'So this is the Bohemian girl over whom Arthur once made a fool of himself!'"

"I must endeavor to keep my face in better order," said he, smiling a little. "You

are right, however. I have heard Arthur's story, and, without seeking to excuse his fault, I should like to ask whether the woman whom he once loved can find no leniency for him in her heart?"

"Has he requested you to ask such a question?" demanded she. "If so, you may tell him that, in a woman's eyes—I speak of women who are not spaniels—nothing can excuse falsity and cowardice."

"You speak strongly, mademoiselle."

"I might speak more strongly if I added slander to falsity and cowardice."

"In doing so I am sure that you would wrong him deeply."

"Are you? Be good enough to tell me, then, in what manner and what character he has spoken of me to you."

"As a woman to whom he was once deeply attached," answered Max, thankful for this loop-hole of evasion, and full of devout hope that she might not press her awkward question any further. But, in indulging such a hope, he certainly did not know any thing of Norah Desmond.

"You spoke a moment ago of your honor as a gentleman," said she. "If you really possess any thing so foreign to my experience of the Tyndale name, I beg that you will tell me whether or not your cousin has spoken of me as a woman worthy of faith and respect, or as a fast flirt, with whom men only amuse themselves?"

"Miss Desmond, is it fair—"

"To make you testify against the man you call your friend?" interrupted she. "Perhaps not. I will spare you an answer, therefore, especially since your hesitation sufficiently answers me. And yet, you wonder that I have no inclination to spare such a man!" she added, with a ring of vibrating contempt in her voice. "You wonder that I—the woman he once professed to love, the woman to whom he was solemnly engaged, the woman whom he not only deserted and betrayed, but whom he has slandered and defamed—should think him a coward and a dastard!"

"Still, if you could appreciate his anxiety—if you could know how much he desires some assurance of what you mean to do—"

"That assurance he will not obtain, either in his own person or through his agents," said she, decidedly. "Let him understand this once for all."

"He has empowered me to say for him that he is willing to make any concession, any arrangement—"

"Spare your diplomacy, Captain Tyndale," she interrupted, more coldly and haughtily than ever. "What possible concession does Arthur Tyndale imagine that I require at his hands? In my own time, I will name my own terms, and, whatever they are, you may be sure that he will accede to them."

The tone of confident power which filled the last words, and the glance which accompanied them, told Max, more plainly than many assurances could have done, the hopelessness of his mission.

"I see, indeed, that I waste time and effort," said he. "But I had hoped that, for your sister's sake, at least—"

"For my sister's sake I should certainly

be inclined to sacrifice a great deal," said she, quietly, as he paused. "We have known each other so long and so well, have been so closely associated together and grown in sisterly affection as we grew in years, that you are right to calculate upon such a bond. Your cousin, too, may safely shelter himself behind it."

Now, it must not be supposed that there was any vulgar banter in this speech. Save for the faintest possible accent of mockery—an accent so natural to her that her voice was scarcely ever free from it—Max might have supposed that she was speaking in perfect seriousness and good faith. As it was,

black art, answered these thoughts as if he had spoken them aloud.

"You feel more inclined to pity than to blame your cousin just now, do you not?" she said. "You think that such a woman as I am is hardly worth keeping faith with, after all."

"Have I hinted such a thing for a moment, Miss Desmond?" asked he, quite indignantly.

"You have not hinted it, but you have thought it."

"Pardon me, I have done nothing of the kind. On the contrary, I think there is no justification whatever for Arthur's conduct."

nothing to lose by him," she repeated, after a minute. "Therefore he—who professes to know the world so well—can judge whether or not he is wise in appealing to me."

"But it is impossible that you can refuse absolutely to give him a clew to your intentions in a matter that concerns him so vitally!" said Max, beginning to perceive that this woman was indeed a very cool and subtle adversary.

"I refuse absolutely," she answered. "It seems that I must repeat this very often. Are you so accustomed to finding women like wax in your hands, that you cannot understand a woman's resolution when you meet it?"



"I am an old acquaintance of Miss Desmond's, and you are not."—Page 692.

he felt a little puzzled how to answer her, and his thoughts left Arthur and Leslie for a moment to consider how thoroughly disagreeable this woman was. He made a mental comparison of her changing moods, her passion, her mockery, her cynicism, with Miss Grahame's graceful and gracious sweetness.

"Good Heavens, to think that such women should be even half-sisters!" he thought. Just then he felt more inclined to excuse Arthur than he had ever felt before.

Miss Desmond, with a quickness of perception which often startled people into a belief that she had some dealing with the

"And yet you make yourself his agent and advocate!"

"Not exactly the first, nor at all the last," answered he. "It is simply as his friend that I have endeavored—though very unavailingly—to serve his cause."

"It is a poor cause, and scarcely worth being served," said she. "As for your failure, it would be strange if you had not failed. Your cousin has every thing to fear from me, while I have absolutely nothing to fear from him."

"I begin to appreciate that," said Max, a little grimly.

"I have nothing to gain from him, and

"I beg your pardon," replied he, hastily. "I should not have forced you to repeat what you have already said."

"And now I believe that we have finished all that we have to say," she went on, rising and gathering up her light dress from the dewy grass. "In going back to the drawing-room, you must not forget that you have the part of an 'old acquaintance' to play. It is one of the disadvantages of equivocation that it generally places you in a false position even when you have adhered to the rigid letter of the truth."

But they found, when they emerged from the shrubbery, that it was not necessary to

return to the drawing-room. Even across the lawn, it was evident that the rest of the party were assembled on the veranda, whence their light tones and laughter floated out on the still night-air. As the two absentees approached, they heard Carl humming one of Miss Desmond's songs, from which he managed to extract all the melody, while Leslie's voice said:

"Norah and Captain Tyndale must have discovered that they possess a great many reminiscences in common to tempt them to extend their walk so far and their talk so long. I am selfish enough to wish they would come back; I want Arthur to hear Norah sing."

"Here I am, Leslie!" said Norah, advancing out of the shadowy darkness, "but I am afraid you must excuse me from singing to-night. I am like our friend the mocking-bird—out of sorts and out of voice, though not, like him, absent in body as well as in mind."

"Was he absent? Did you not find him, after all? I am sorry."

"So was I—really disgusted! But, like most great singers, he is capricious, and Mr. Middleton offended him by talking, all through his most beautiful song last night."

"I object to being held accountable for the caprices of the mocking-bird," said Carl's voice from out the demi-obscure in which it was scarcely possible to tell who was who. "But there are half a hundred singing in the copse at the back of the house, Miss Desmond, if you care to hear them."

"One in the rose-hedge would have been better," said Norah. "It is a very disagreeable trait in human nature that we do not care for any thing which we can have in abundance and with little trouble."

"I never knew a woman who contradicted herself as often as you do," said Carl. "Before dinner you told me you cared for nothing which cost trouble!"

"Ah, but that was my trouble!" said she, laughing.

"And the trouble which is necessary as a rest is somebody else's, I suppose?"

"He that runs might read that much, I should think," said his uncle. "Miss Desmond's taste is like that of the rest of her sex, but her frankness is her own."

"You are quite right, sir, my frankness is my own," said she. "It is one thing to which I can lay fair claim."

"You must allow the rest of us to think that there are other things to which you can lay quite as fair claim," said Mr. Middleton, who occasionally made puns of such a brilliant nature that nobody but himself was aware of them until they were elaborately explained.

"If you really want to flatter me," said she, "say that there is something Irish in my tongue. There is nothing of which I am half so proud of as belonging to the most ready-witted people on the face of the earth."

"We'll say any thing you please, if you'll only go and sing for us," said Leslie.

"I suppose I must be more obliging than the mocking-bird," said she, with a sigh. "But I shall sing execrably, I give you warning of that. I always do, when I don't feel like it."

"Your worst must be better than many other people's best, I am sure."

"After such flattery as that, how can I refuse?" said she, turning to Max. "Stay where you all are, then, and I will go and sing for you."

She moved across the veranda as she spoke, and entered the drawing-room; but one member of the group did not obey her last injunction. When she reached the piano, she found Carl Middleton at her side.

"Did you not hear me tell you to stay outside?" she asked, impatiently. "What do you mean by following me like this? Don't you know that it is the thing of all others which I most detest?"

"I can never enjoy music unless I see the singer," said he, coolly. "Besides, can't you give me credit for a little curiosity? I am anxious to hear how that fellow out yonder managed to defend his audacious assertion at dinner."

"Is it so incredible that a man who has lived in France all his life should have seen me, who have lived there the greater part of mine?" she asked, indifferently.

"Not incredible, nor even remarkable as an abstract fact. As a particular fact, however, I would be willing to wager my next good horse that it is a pure invention of his own impudence and his cousin's necessity."

"Perhaps so," said she, lightly running her hand over the keys, "but there are some things which it is less trouble and better policy to believe than to disbelieve. This is one of them."

CHAPTER XI.

"For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and infirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won. Than women's are."

AMONG all the pleasant rooms at Rosland, the dining-room in the morning was perhaps the pleasantest. On one side the windows opened down to the green turf, on the other upon a vine-latticed alcove—half piazza, half room—which, being delightfully cool, served as an after-dinner smoking-room to Mr. Middleton and his masculine guests.

"What a pleasant place!" Norah said, strolling into it on the morning after the Tyndales had dined at Rosland. She had come down rather early, and, entering the breakfast-room, found only Carl in occupation. "How charmingly airy, and what a fragrant odor of good tobacco seems to pervade every thing! Do you know," she added, laughing, "that, although I would not for any consideration betray the fact to our friends here, I am very fond of a cigarette, and I should like nothing better than to take one after dinner in this pretty nook."

"Why not do it, then?" asked he. "You cannot really think that my aunt or Leslie would be so narrow-minded or so ill-bred as to object?"

"Object! Oh no, they would not dream of doing that; but they would give me over to utter reprobation as fast as Bohemian, and every thing else that good society condemns. Now, you may not think so, perhaps, but I am on my best behavior at present, and

I don't want to shock them more than I can help. This is my first introduction into respectable life, and I must try and learn to be as much like respectable people as I can."

"You'll never succeed. There's the stamp of another life and another rearing on you."

"That is encouraging, at any rate. But you have yet to learn that I generally succeed in whatever I undertake."

"I wish you would undertake to like me, then," said he, with a tone of only half jest in his voice.

"That would be quite unnecessary, since I like you already," answered she. "I informed you of that fact yesterday, and you may be sure that I should not have done so if it had not been true. Polite fiction is a branch of social accomplishment which I have never cultivated. Have you looked at the morning papers. What is the news from France?"

She turned carelessly back into the breakfast-room as she spoke, and, walking to a side-table, began turning over the mail that lay there. Provoked by her nonchalance, Carl remained where he was, and in this sociable attitude Leslie found them when she entered a few minutes later. It was one of the little things which sometimes occur, as if with strange perversity, to justify an erroneous opinion. "I think you are wrong about Carl," Miss Grahame had said the evening before to her aunt. "I do not believe he is in love with Norah. He admires her, of course; but I am sure he has not an idea of any thing more." It must be said that conscience pricked Leslie a little as she made these comforting remarks; but, as she came in now, she thought how right she had been. No man in love could have resisted such an opportunity for a *fiat-a-lie*, she felt sure; therefore it followed, with a logic irresistible to the feminine mind, that Carl was not in love.

"How early you are!" she said to Norah. "Are you looking to see if you have any letters? It is too soon yet, is it not?"

"To hear from Kate, do you mean? Yes; she would scarcely have written immediately after I left, especially since she started at the same time for Ireland with papa. But there is an attraction in turning over letters, even when they are not for ourselves; and here are a great many."

"Let us see whom they are for," said Leslie. She took and began sorting them. "Half a dozen for uncle, three for Aunt Mildred, and more than it will be pleasant to answer for myself.—Carl, there are none for you."

"I have mine already—thanks," said Carl, emerging from the alcove.

"But here is one which may interest you. It is from Mrs. Sandford, I think."

She opened a pale-gray envelope, stamped with monogram and crest, and inclosing a sheet of paper filled with writing—

"... as when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring east"—

as fashionable, illegible, and full of long tails, as such caligraphy usually is.

"Yes, it is from Mrs. Sandford," she added, after a minute. "She says she will be here to-day. Think of that, Carl!"

"I am thinking of it as hard as possible,"

said he; "but I don't know whether I am expected to be overpowered with ecstasy or with disgust."

"You will not ask when you are in full tide of flirtation to-morrow."

"I have sworn off from flirtation," he answered, walking to the window. "Champagne is a very good thing for holidays, but it is not wholesome when taken as the staple of a man's life."

"What is not wholesome when taken as the staple of a man's life?" asked Mr. Middleton, coming in just then, with his feet arrayed in the gorgeously-worked slippers which were always such a conspicuous feature of his morning toilet.

"Champagne," answered Leslie. "Did you know that it was not good when taken in any way? But Carl, having become philosophical, has begun to talk in metaphors and illustrations, like a sage."

"I am afraid you are cultivating satire, Leslie," said Carl, strolling back to the table. "Take my advice, and don't—even in its mildest form it makes a woman so exceedingly disagreeable!"

"And how does it make a man?"

"It is not pleasant in any case, but pleasant things, as a rule, are not expected from a man."

"Are they not? This is the first time I ever heard that freedom to be unpleasant is one of the many monopolies which your sex are kind enough to claim."

"There's nothing like living and learning," said he, sitting down. "Now, pray, leave your correspondence for the present, and give me a cup of coffee, like a good girl. I have eaten a dozen apricots and three pears already; but one needs something a little more substantial, even in July."

Since Mrs. Middleton seldom appeared at breakfast, Leslie took the seat of honor (and trouble) at the head of the table; and her pretty, deft hands were soon busy among the cups and saucers. It was an anomalous but attractive-looking breakfast over which she presided. Besides the standard dishes—the crisply-broiled "spring-chickens," the flaky rolls and waffles which are the pride of every Southern cook—there were fruit-stands heaped with peaches, apricots, pears, and plums, beautiful enough in color and variety to have tempted any artist alive to make a study of them.

"I am not sure that in midsummer one needs any thing more substantial than this," said Norah, holding up a peach with cheeks as glowing as her own. "You remember the old proverb which says that 'fruit is golden in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night?'"

"Whatever it may be," said Mr. Middleton, "I cannot say that I like it at breakfast. Of course, there is no accounting for particular tastes; but give me a beefsteak and a cup of coffee, all the year round."

"Give it to me also, if a positive choice must be made," said Norah. "I have nothing whatever ethereal about me—appetite least of all."

In this way they were taking their breakfast leisurely, and talking lightly, as people do who have nothing in particular before

them all day, when a man's figure suddenly appeared on the turf outside the window, and a familiar voice said:

"May I come in?"

It was Arthur Tyndale, who, being bidden cordially to enter, came in and took the empty seat by Leslie's tray.

"I thought I would walk over before it became so very warm," he said, by way of explanation. "Will you take me on your hands for the day? It is really insufferably dull over there at Strafford. I thought yesterday that I would not attempt to pull through another long warm day with no better amusement than a novel and Max."

"I was under the impression that men were never bored by each other's society," said Leslie, with that light, rippling laugh which is so significant of happiness on a woman's lips. "Norah and I, now, might be supposed to find each other dull; but Captain Tyndale and yourself—the idea never occurred to me for a moment!"

"It occurred to us, however, very strongly—at least, it occurred to me."

"Why did you not bring Captain Tyndale over with you?" asked Mr. Middleton, hospitably.

"Simply because the unsociable rascal would not come. He intends to spend the day lying in the shade on the verge of the lake, and fancying that he is fishing."

"There are worse occupations for such a day as this," said Carl—"that is, unless the fish are too much demoralized by the heat to bite. I have half a mind to go out for the same amusement myself.—What do you say, Miss Desmond?" (turning quickly), "will you come, also?"

"If you will guarantee that it shall be cool and pleasant all the time, that we shall catch as many fish as we desire, and that I shall be neither sunburnt nor freckled."

"Let us all go!" said Tyndale, eagerly. "If we drive over to the lake, where Max is, we shall find it very cool and pleasant; Strafford is near at hand for luncheon, and we can come back in the cool of the evening to dinner."

"There is only one objection," said Leslie. "Mrs. Sandford is coming to-day."

"Mrs. Sandford! Is she coming to-day?" said Tyndale. An expression of deep disgust fell over his face. It was evident at a glance that this was any thing but a pleasant item of news to him.

"Mr. Tyndale seems inclined to furnish you with the ecstasies which I was unable to afford, Leslie," said Carl.

"Mrs. Sandford is no favorite of mine," answered Tyndale; "I confess I am not glad to hear that she is coming."

"It cannot be helped now, however," said Leslie, "and so—don't you think the fishing might be a good plan for to-morrow? I should like Norah to see Strafford and its grounds."

"Yes, let us go to-morrow, by all means," said Carl.

And, since Norah did not say any thing, the matter seemed to be settled that they were to go.

After breakfast that general aimlessness and want of purpose which always charac-

terize a set of idle people in the country, took full possession of this group. Somebody threw out a suggestion about walking, which somebody else negated by saying it was too warm; Leslie talked of ordering the carriage to pay a visit in the neighborhood, but was readily dissuaded on the score of dust; Carl, being questioned as to why he did not carry out his intention of going fishing, replied that the house could not furnish any good tackle—and so they all sat on the lawn, under a large tulip-tree, and did nothing, until the sun invaded their retreat, and, Mr. Middleton coming up just then, carried the two young men off to the stable to look at a horse he had bought, or was thinking of buying—nobody besides himself understood very clearly which.

Then, as the two girls returned to the house, Norah said:

"You must excuse me, dear, if I leave you for the rest of the morning. I have all my letters yet to write, and you know that epistolary effort is not the easiest thing in the world such weather as this."

"I am very sorry that you have to go," said Leslie, in her cordial, sincere voice; "but, of course, letters cannot be put off, and I hope you feel that you are at home—that you can do exactly as you please. Give my dearest love to Kate, and tell her that if she were here it would be the only thing which could add to my happiness just now."

"You are certainly very kind!" said Norah, with a quick thrill in her voice. "I'll tell Kate with pleasure; and I'll tell her, also, that you deserve all, and more than all of the happiness of which you speak."

So it came to pass that when the two gentlemen returned from inspecting Mr. Middleton's equine purchase, they found Leslie alone in the hall. "Norah has gone to write letters," she said; and Carl felt immediately that human endurance of heat, *ennuï*, and gossip, had reached its utmost limit. The withdrawal of the sun behind a cloud typifies but poorly the blank cheerlessness which Norah's withdrawal brought over his world. "I've got a letter or two to write myself," he said, and so went off—not to the library, or to his own chamber, but to the little smoking-den by the dining-room, where his letter-writing consisted in lying on a lounge and consuming many more cigars than were good for him. He entertained no doubt, however, but that his epistolary labors were quite as genuine as Miss Desmond's. The idea that she had really gone to her room to write letters never for a moment occurred to him. She had gone to avoid Tyndale, he felt sure—so sure that if, indeed, "curses, like young chickens, always come home to roost," Carl certainly provided himself with a liberal brood that morning. "D—n the fellow!" he found himself saying again and again, even while trying to read two or three alternate newspapers and a magazine. "How does he dare to thrust himself into her presence like this? I wish to Heaven she would let me teach him better?" That Mr. Tyndale had a right to be at Rosland irrespective of Norah's presence there, or that Leslie might possess some slight claim upon his consideration, never for an instant occurred to this zealous champion.

Neither did it occur to him that he knew exceedingly little of Miss Desmond's "cause," and that little only by inference. With regard to this cause, there was justification enough for all possible ardor in the one grand, simple, and wholly satisfactory reason that it was her own.

Meanwhile Arthur Tyndale began to discover that time might hang heavily at Rosland as well as at Stratford. Fond as he was of Leslie, and charming and bright as she always made herself to him, he felt this morning a certain lack of zest in her society, a certain vague want of the pungent flavor of an excitement which he had specially come to seek. It was so vague—this sense of flatness and tameness—that he was scarcely more than conscious of it, and yet he could not banish it. "I believe you are bored, after all," Leslie said to him, smiling, and, although he quickly denied the assertion, he could not so readily shake off the fact. Yet, in truth, he was something more than merely "bored"—which is a passive state of suffering at least. He was actively conscious of a subtle excitement which made the shaded room, with its perfect quiet and whiff of roses on the air, almost intolerable to him. Leslie herself, for the first time in her life, jarred on his mood through her very unconsciousness of it, through her utter ignorance of the restless craving which possessed him, and to which he would have found it difficult to give a name, being a man little addicted to self-analysis. In fact, he was not a man who ever troubled himself very much about his motives, or who could have been said to own a particularly high standard for anything, though it can fairly be added for him that he was not in any sense a bad man. He was only one of a large class whose impulses are stronger than their principles, whose courage is not great in the moral order, and who are in all respects born epicureans and seekers of pleasure. Just now he was in a state of transition, which puzzled and annoyed him not a little. He felt that he was outraged—that he had good cause for being outraged—with Norah Desmond: she had defied, insulted, scorned, and mocked him, until he could almost have lifted his hand and struck her down in the proud insolence of her beauty—yet she had so stung and roused him, that he could not banish her from his thoughts let him do what he would. All other things seemed tame after the supreme excitement of her presence, the varying spell of her face, the haunting music of her voice. Leslie, sitting in the green shade of the Venetian blinds, with the dainty needle-work of which she was fond in her slender white hands, had little idea of the feverish restlessness which filled her companion. Yet, even to Leslie, it was a relief when their *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Middleton with a barometer in his hand.

"Just as I thought!" he said, with an air of gratification. "We are going to have a storm at last. I was sure this sultry heat meant something of the kind."

"Are we going to have a storm?" asked Leslie. "If so, I hope it will clear both the physical and moral atmosphere. Somehow I think we are all more or less affected by the

weather this morning—at least, I know we are all more or less out of sorts."

"That might be caused by something besides the weather," said her uncle; "but I am pretty sure we shall have a storm, and the usual result of a storm is to clear the physical atmosphere, at least."

"I think the day is growing more sultry," she went on, after a minute, letting her work drop and beginning to apply her fan.—"Arthur, will you open the blinds? After all, one must have air, even if one is obliged to take heat with it."

The blinds being opened, it was found that the vertical heat was untempered even by the faintest breeze. The blazing noon seemed beating with fierce power upon the parched earth which lay helpless under its scorching glare. Sound there was none. Through all the wide domain of Nature a stillness reigned, compared to which midnight is vocal with noise. Not a leaf rustled, not a single bird found courage to chirp; only a locust now and then lifted up its solitary voice in the burning land. The sky above was cloudless and intensely blue; but along the verge of the horizon, especially in the southwest, white, fleecy clouds were lying piled in great masses, which dazzled the eye as it fell on them.

"If the rain is coming at all, the sooner it comes the better," said Mr. Middleton, walking to and fro, with the barometer in one hand and a palm-leaf fan in the other. "This is unendurable—or would be unendurable if there was any way to remedy it!"

Way there was none, however, save to wait for the storm, which really seemed at last as if it meant to come; for, while they panted and gasped for air in the stillness of the burning noon, the first distant rumble of thunder smote suddenly like welcome music on their ears. Then, by slow degrees, the dazzling white cloud moved higher up the sky, the rolling sounds grew more frequent, though still very distant; the leaves began to rustle a little, as if in thirsty expectation, though the sun still shone with the same pitiless glare on the dusty ground and dried-up herbage. "It really seems impossible that we shall have any rain!" said Leslie, skeptically; and, considering how long it had been since they had last seen a cloud, her skepticism was excusable. This cloud, however, plainly meant business. It gradually changed from fleecy whiteness to a dark, blue-gray, lurid mass, in the depths of which vivid flashes of lightning leaped and played among Alpine peaks and crags. As it marched steadily up the sky, overspreading and taking possession of the whole heavens, like an army with banners, it was a sight well worth witnessing. When it finally reached and enshrouded the sun, the darkness which fell over the land was like an eclipse. In the house it was scarcely possible to see any thing. The party, who were just then sitting down to luncheon, looked at each other in dismay. It is too much to expect of human nature that it will eat by faith and not by sight in summer weather. There was a moment's pause; then, while Mr. Middleton, with his eye-glass, was closely examining the dish before him, preparatory to announcing

its name and nature to the company, Mrs. Middleton ordered Robert to light the gas. "The storm must be near at hand," she said.

When the gas was lighted, Leslie uttered a slight exclamation. "Why, Norah is not here!" she said. "It was so dark that I really did not notice her absence before."

"I suppose she did not hear the bell," said Mrs. Middleton.—"Robert, send up and let Miss Desmond know that luncheon is ready."

"Perhaps she is asleep—"

It was Miss Grahame who began this sentence, but it was never finished. At that instant a flash of lightning, like a solid sheet of flame, seemed to fill the room, paling into insignificance the glow of the gas, and lighting up every thing with a lurid and terrible glare impossible to describe. Following so closely that it seemed almost simultaneous, a volleying crash of thunder shook the house to its very foundation. With this magnificent though rather startling prelude, the storm burst. Before the last mighty reverberation had died away, the rush of pouring rain sounded on the roof and down the dry water-spouts.

"Are our heads still on our shoulders?" asked Leslie, as soon as it was possible to speak at all. "Did anybody ever see the like of such a flash? What a mercy that none of us were killed?"

"As soon as Robert comes back he must close the shutters," said Mrs. Middleton, who had laid down her knife and fork and turned very pale. "It will not do to run such a risk."

"What an uproar!" said Carl, laying down his knife and fork to listen. "By Jove! wouldn't you think there was a tremendous artillery-duel going on in the celestial regions?"

"It is more like a pitched battle," said Tyndale. "Listen! You cannot only hear the boom of heavy guns, but the rattling volleys of musketry."

"I thought we should have a deluge when it came," said Mr. Middleton, helping himself complacently to cold mutton, and thinking what a good thing it was for the corn, which needed rain terribly.

In the midst of the din, which was truly deafening, Robert came back, and said a few words to his mistress, the effect of which was to make that lady look very much astonished.

"Not in the house!" she repeated. "Are you sure? Why, where on earth can she be?"

"Where can who be?" asked Leslie, quickly. "Not Norah—you can't mean that Norah is not in the house?"

"So Robert says," answered Mrs. Middleton, "though I scarcely think it can be possible."

"Me and Maria's looked everywhere for her, ma'am, but she can't be found," said Robert, speaking to Miss Grahame; "and Ellen says she saw her going toward the woods 'bout an hour ago, with a book under her arm."

"Toward the woods!"—two or three simultaneous voices made this exclamation. "Good Heavens!" "You must be mistaken!" "It can't be possible!"

"Miss Desmond is not crazy, is she?"

said Mr. Middleton, when these disjointed exclamations were for the moment exhausted. "If not, it stands to reason that she could not have done any thing so foolish as to go to the woods in the burning heat of an hour ago, with a storm plainly coming up."

"But where is she, then?" asked Leslie. "She must be somewhere, you know.—Carl, what are you going to do?"

"I am going after her," said Carl, rising, and pushing back his chair with a quick jerk—"If you are sure she is not in the house, Robert."

"I am perfectly sure, sir," answered Robert. "Me and Maria looked everywhere."

"You need not trouble yourself, Mr. Middleton," said Tyndale, also rising abruptly; "I am going in search of Miss Desmond."

"Are you?" said Carl, haughtily. Their glances met and crossed like two swords. "But, if you will pardon me, I think I had better take that liberty, since I am an old acquaintance of Miss Desmond's, and you are not."

He turned and was leaving the room, when Mr. Middleton interfered.

"Don't be a fool, Carl!" he said, irritably. "What is the sense of talking about going out in such a hurricane as this, especially since you have not the faintest idea where Miss Desmond is?"

"You don't expect me to sit still with the consciousness that she is out in the hurricane, do you, sir?" answered Carl.—"Leslie, will you send somebody to get me a water-proof and a shawl or two?"—Robert, tell Ellen I want to speak to her in the hall."

DISENTHRALLED.

DEAD! Do you say that he is dead?
Take back the word, it is not true!
An empty cage you might have said
Has lost the singer that we knew—
The song now level with the stars
That charmed us even in prison-bars!

But dead? There can be no such word,
For that which was serenely bright,
Made in the image of its Lord,
An effluence from the central light,
An inbreathed essence from on high,
A heaven-lit spark!—that could not die!

Not dead—but free—he soars above
The limit of our lesser scope,
And we, because we shared his love,
May cherish the uplifting hope,
That life to us is more, by just
His altitude above our dust.

More by the power he has attained
To minister as angels may:
More by the knowledge he has gained
Of love's supremest, patient way
Of blessing through the cloud or sun,
So one all-perfect Will be done.

And he (the thought is radiant!) *he*
This very moment may be near,
With solace meted soothingly
To feed a hope, or hush a fear:
So true it is, divinest things
Come borne to us on hidden wings.

So well we know our Father's care
Hovers about us night and day,
So sweet it is to think the air

Is moved in a mysterious way
By breath of one beloved on earth,
Grown lovelier by celestial birth!

Then say not *he* is of the dead!

'Tis only we in cerements dim
Who fall of life around, o'erhead—

But say it nevermore of him
Whom death to livelier joy has called,
Who lives among us disenthralled!

MARY B. DODGE.

MISCELLANY.

BEE-KEEPING.

(Condensed from the "REVISED AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA," now in course of publication by D. Appleton & Co.)

THE apiary should be well sheltered from strong winds, either naturally or by building walls or close, high fences, and should face the south, the east, or the southeast, so as to get the sun during the day. If it is not so sheltered, in a high wind the bees are unable



Hives near the Ground.

to strike the hive, and are blown to the ground, where they are chilled, and die. It should not be near large surfaces of water, lest the bees, overcome by cold or fatigue, should be forced to alight on them, or be carried down by the wind. After a suitable place for an apiary is selected, the hives should not be moved over a few feet; for, when the bees first fly out in the spring, they mark the location, and take note of immediately surrounding objects as guides for their return. The hives should be placed in a



Hives on Two-foot Pedestals.

right line; the distance between the hives should not be less than two feet. In some apiaries their height from the ground is from one to two feet, but many bee-keepers of experience raise the platform only two inches from the earth, because fewer of the fatigued or chilled bees that miss the hive in returning and alight under it are lost, the flight of issuing swarms is lower, and there is less exposure to strong winds. Grounds on which there are no large trees, but some of small

size and shrubbery, on which the swarms may alight, are preferable. The grass should be mowed frequently around the hives, and the ground kept clean, to prevent too much dampness, and to destroy the lurking-places of noxious insects and vermin. The hives should be on separate stands, to prevent the bees from running from one hive to another, and should be of different, not glaring, colors, as guides to the bees.

The chamber hive is made with two apart-



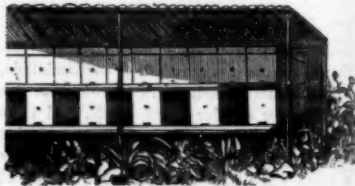
Chamber Hive.

ments—the lower for the residence of the bees, the upper to hold the boxes in which the bees put their honey after having filled the lower part. These hives are sometimes made several inches narrower from front to rear at the bottom than at the top, to prevent the comb from slipping down. They are also sometimes furnished with inclined bottom-boards to roll out the worms that fall upon them, or are driven down by the bees. To protect the bees from vermin, several kinds of suspended hives have been contrived with



Tapering Hives.

inclined movable bottom-boards. The dividing hives are made with several compartments, so as to multiply, at the will of the bee-keeper, the number of colonies, without the trouble and risk of swarming and hiving. By means of these hives, the partitions of which are supposed to divide the brood-combs, a part of the bees and of the combs are removed and placed by themselves to go on making honey, and multiplying in every respect like a natural swarm. In many instances, however, where a swarm is divided,

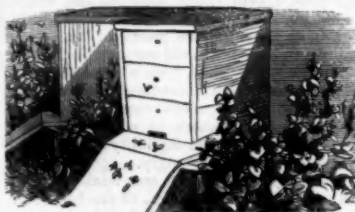


Dividing Hives.

In one apartment there will be no brood from which to raise a queen.

Several inventions have been made to enable the bee-keeper to change the combs and get the honey without driving out or destroying the bees. Changeable hives are made in sections, generally three drawers placed one above another, with holes to allow the bees to pass. When the boxes are all filled, and it is desired to change the combs, the upper

box is removed, and its place supplied by a new one, put in at the bottom. It is held that there is a necessity for changing the brood-combs, because the larvæ hatched from

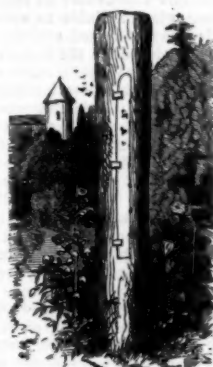


Changeable Hive.

the eggs and sealed up in the cells there, spin their cocoons, which remain, when they go out, upon the walls of the cells. This deposit, although extremely thin, diminishes the size of the cell, affording less room for each succeeding generation, thus causing the bees to gradually deteriorate in size. On the other hand, it is denied that deterioration is caused in the bees by the filling up of the brood-cells, even if the same combs are hatched from twelve years, and time and honey are therefore needlessly wasted by keeping the bees constantly making new brood-comb. It is estimated by some writers that, in elaborating a pound of wax, the bees will consume twenty-five pounds of honey, besides losing the time when they might be laying up further stores. The difficulty of putting the swarms into these hives, and the many lurking-places they afford to the bee-moth, and also the difficulty of procuring, in this method of taking away honey, that which is good and free from cocoons and bee-bread, more than counterbalance, in the opinion of many bee-keepers, their advantages.

Swarming hives are sometimes used. They are made with sections, so that, by closing all or a part of them, the space which the bees occupy is lessened, and they are crowded out, and their swarming hastened. Non-swarmers are arranged so as to allow the bees to go on accumulating honey and increasing in number, and, in theory, not swarm at all. A hive of bees is put into a bee-house, and empty hives connected with it, so that, as soon as one becomes filled, the bees pass to the adjoining ones. In some instances, more surplus honey has been obtained by this method; but giving the bees any amount of room will not prevent their swarming. The result of all these experiments tends to show the superiority, for practical purposes, of the simpler hives. For protection against the

of six feet from one end, forming hollow cylinders, the diameter of the bore being six or eight inches. A longitudinal slit is made in the cylinder nearly its whole length, and about four inches wide. Into this is fitted a slip of wood with notches on the edges large enough to admit a single bee. This slip is fastened in with wedges or hinges; if it is in several parts, it will often be found more convenient. The top is covered, and the trunk set upright, with the opening toward the south. Through the door the condition of the entire swarm is seen, and the honey taken from time to time. One of the best hives is made of pine-boards, an inch thick, twelve inches square inside, and fourteen and a half inches deep. Instead of a top, with holes to allow the bees to ascend to the boxes, there should be slats, three-fourths of an inch wide and an inch thick, half an inch apart, three-quarters of an inch below the top of the hive. Four or five quarter-inch strips at equal distances across the slats will be even with the top of the hive, and on these the surplus boxes can be set. Over all should be a cover or cap, fourteen inches inside and seven inches high. A hole an inch in diameter in the front side, half-way to the top, furnishes an entrance for the bees, and additional entrances may be made at the bottom, on the sides. If glass boxes are used to receive the

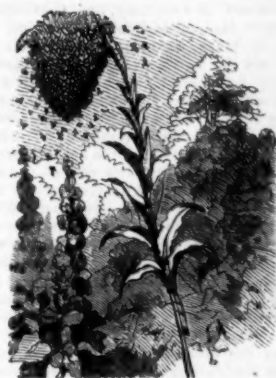


Polish Hive.

honey, guide-comb must be placed, as bees will rarely build on glass without it. Glass boxes are the most profitable, as they show the honey to the best advantage, and are sold by weight with the honey, which pays their cost. A separate cover for each hive may be easily made by putting together two boards, letting them incline to each other so as to form a roof. It is necessary to guard against shading the hives too much in spring and fall, against preventing a free circulation of air all around them in summer, and exposing them too much in the middle of the day to the sun. The bee-house should not, in cool weather, make the temperature around the hives much higher than the bees will encounter at a distance. Simple movable covers, which are easily adjusted as the season demands, with hives made of boards of sufficient thickness, well painted to prevent warping and cracking, will generally prove an ample protection, except in winter, when the hives must be housed, or covered with straw mats. In the movable comb-hive, each comb is suspended in a frame, and the top is not fastened, permitting combs to be removed for examination or for transfer to other hives; drone-comb may be cut out, and working-comb substituted; swarming for the season, after one swarm has issued, can be stopped by cutting off all but one of the queen-cells; moth-worms can be detected

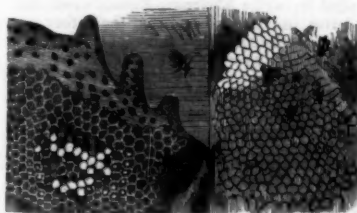
and destroyed; and the amount of brood the colony shall raise can be controlled.

The new swarms generally appear during the months of June and July, but sometimes



Swarming Bees.

as early as May, or as late as August, and, in good seasons, Italian bees have swarmed at intervals for three months. The swarms are usually hived, when the branch or whatever they alight on can be removed, by shaking them off in front of the hive, a little raised on one side to allow their passage. When they collect where they cannot be shaken off, and the hive cannot be placed near, they may be brushed quickly into a sack or basket and carried to the hive. It is irritating to the bees and useless to endeavor to make the swarms collect by a din of horns, tin pans, and bells. They will sometimes collect on a pole with a few branches, some broom-corn, dry mullein-tops, or similar things fastened to the end and held in the air. They may sometimes be arrested when going off by throwing water or earth among them. It is very seldom that a swarm starts for its chosen destination without previously alighting. If two or more swarms issue at the same time and unite, they may be separated, if desired, by shaking them from the branch between two or more hives placed near together. Should the queens enter the same hive, the bees must be shaken out between empty hives as before, and this operation repeated till the queens separate, or the bee-keeper is able to catch one or more of them, and put them with the bees where wanted. Or, if there are only two swarms united, a part may be separated and returned to the parent hives, and the rest put into one hive; or they may all be put into one, and boxes put on immediately. It is sometimes desirable to unite small swarms. This may be easily done, if they issue about the same time, by inverting one hive and placing the other over it; the bees in the lower will ascend. When it is desirable to defer for a short time the issuing of a swarm which the signs indicate to be just at hand, the bees on the outside of the hive should be sprinkled with water. This is effectual only before the swarm has started. Sometimes the swarm issues and returns several times. If this is owing to the inability of the queen to fly, she should be found, if possible, and put with the others in the new hive. It has been proved by the movable comb-hive that the old queen, if she can fly, always leaves with the first swarm. If the weather should be such as to prevent the new swarms from going out to collect honey for several days immediately after being hived, it may be necessary to feed them.—The general use of box and movable comb-hives makes it unnecessary to kill bees to get the honey. In other hives the bees may be stu-



Comb.

extremes of heat and cold in summer and winter, straw hives are excellent.

In Poland, where finer honey is produced and bees are more successfully managed than elsewhere in Europe, hives are made by excavating trunks of trees, taking logs a foot or more in diameter and about nine feet long. They are scooped out or bored for the length

peffed with chloroform, sulphur, or tobacco-smoke. The comb, when taken, should be cut off clean, so that the honey may run as little as possible upon the bees. Polish apiarians cut out the old comb annually to lessen the tendency to swarming, and thus obtain the largest amount of honey. The time for taking up hives depends somewhat on the season and the bee-pasturage. The quantity of honey does not increase generally after September 1st. The bees are suffocated by burning sulphur, are buried to prevent resuscitation, and the honey removed. The bees are sometimes deprived of the entire store of comb and honey in the early part of the season, generally after the leaving of the first swarm, and driven into a new hive. When the old hive is infested with moths, or the comb is not good, and it is desirable to winter the bees, this operation may be expedient. It is performed by inverting the hive, and putting the other, into which the bees are to be driven, over it, making the junction close, and tapping, with the hand or a stick, the sides of the hive: the bees will pass up to the new hive, which is to be then removed to the stand.

The quantity of honey usually necessary for wintering safely a swarm of bees is thirty pounds; and it is known that two colonies put into one hive will consume but few more pounds than one swarm, probably because of the increased warmth in the hive. Those that are found in the autumn to be weak in numbers, and with a scanty supply of honey, should be united with another weak colony, to make a new and strong stock. Only the strong swarms are profitable to winter. Feeding should begin in October, so that the honey may be sealed up before cold weather. Brown sugar, made into candy by being dissolved in water, clarified and boiled to evaporate the water, is a good food for bees. The syrup should be boiled till it begins to be brittle when cooled. This or common sugar-candy may be fed to the bees in the hives, under them, or in the boxes. If fed in the liquid state, it may be introduced into the hives in dishes, some contrivance being made to enable the bees to eat it without getting into it. Honey is, of course, the best food, and movable combs may easily be transferred from well-supplied to destitute colonies. The object in feeding bees in spring is to induce early swarming. Feeding should never be attempted as a matter of profit. Clover is the principal source of supply for the bees. Fruit-tree, basswood, locust, and maple blossoms, yield abundantly and of fine quality; buck-wheat furnishes a large quantity, excellent for the winter food of bees, but inferior for the table. The bee-moth is the greatest foe the apiarian has to contend with. The best safeguard against this pest is to have the hive well jointed and painted, the entrances not too large, the bees vigorous and numerous, and to examine the hive daily from about May 1st till September or October. In the daytime the moths remain in their hiding-places, and may often be found around the hive. They are on the wing in the evening, hovering around the apiary or running over the hives, endeavoring to enter and deposit their eggs. Many may be destroyed by entrapping them in shallow dishes of sweetened water, with a little vinegar added. Hollow sticks, small shells, and similar things, are often placed on the bottom-board, where the worms hatched from the eggs may take refuge and be destroyed. In wintering bees it is necessary to protect them especially from freezing and starving. The latter happens when they collect together closely, in the coldest weather, and the comb becomes covered with frost and ice, excluding from them the honey. This is obviated by putting straw in the cover, after the removal of the boxes, to collect the moisture. The entrance to the

hive is liable to be stopped with ice, and the bees thus suffocated. The bee never passes into the actually torpid state in winter, like some other insects. It requires less food when kept warm and comfortable. If the hives are to be carried into a house or cellar, the place for them should be cool, dry, and dark. The best method is to house them, unless sufficient protection can be given them on the stands. If left on the stands, hives made of common boards need additional covering; the entrance should also be narrowed, so as to leave only space enough for a single bee to pass. Light snow may cover the hive without danger. The time for carrying bees out from their winter quarters is in March, except in very backward seasons. A few bright cold days will not be more destructive to them than too long confinement. If new snow has fallen, and the weather is not sufficiently warm for them to venture into the air safely, the hive may be shaded from the sun, or the bees confined in the hive. If they are to stand very near each other, it is not well to carry out too many hives at once, the bees at first not readily distinguishing their own. The hives should be raised from the bottom-board only on one side, if at all. Many prefer, if the bees are not especially numerous, to let the hive rest entirely on the board, allowing less room for passage, and securing greater defense against intruders. More ventilation than this affords may be required in warm weather, when, if liable to suffer from heat, the hive may be raised entirely, proper means being furnished for the bees to ascend from the bottom-board.

Bee-keeping has in some instances been made very profitable. It is, however, uncertain. Much depends on the season and on the pasturage. Mr. M. Quimby, in "Mysteries of Bee-keeping Explained" (New York, 1865), says that an area of a few square miles in the vicinity of St. Johnsville, New York, in some favorable seasons has furnished for market more than twenty thousand pounds of surplus honey; and it is estimated that, in good localities, every acre in the country would yield a pound. A single colony has been known to give a profit of thirty-five dollars in a season; ninety stocks have given nine hundred dollars' profit; and a New-York apiarian reports, for one hundred and thirty hives, eighteen hundred dollars' profit in a single season. Owing to the difference in the seasons, it is impossible to know how many stocks can be kept in given localities in the United States. In 1860 a few colonies of the Italian or Ligurian bee (*Apis ligustica*), which had long been a favorite with European apiarians, were imported into the United States, where they are now among the most popular, prolific, and profitable bees kept in the country. Their superiority over the native bee appears in their larger size and greater beauty; they are more prolific, longer-lived, more industrious, less sensitive to cold, and they swarm earlier and more frequently, and continue later than common bees.

THE MEMOIRS OF PAUL DE KOCK.

Henri de Kock has published the memoirs of his father, Paul de Kock, one of the most entertaining autobiographies ever issued from the French press, and decidedly calculated to remove some of the erroneous impressions still prevalent in regard to this humorous novelist. Strangely enough, this writer of fiction, who laughed at everybody and every thing, it now turns out, from his own confessions, was himself afflicted with oddities and eccentricities enough to make him the laughing-stock of all who came in contact with him.

During his whole life he never left the suburbs of Paris, simply because he was mor-

tally afraid of meeting with an accident in traveling. He never, in his long career, rode in a carriage, and the very idea of entering a railway-car seemed frightful to him. He was so notional that he could not write with any pens except coarse goose-quills, which he cut himself; and one day, when he had to sign a document at the mairie of his arrondissement, he took his old goose-quill along to write his name with it. He wrote a very fine feminine hand, but exceedingly legible. He never read his own proof-sheets, because typographical errors, which he considered inexcusable, owing to the legibility of his copy, made him exceedingly angry.

He says he had but one weakness, and that was to obtain the cross of the Legion of Honor. It is well known that, in 1867, M. Rouher, Napoleon's minister, proposed Paul de Kock as a candidate for decoration on Napoleon's Day, the 15th of August, and that the emperor struck his name from the list, for which act he was greatly praised, because it was believed to be a rebuke for the frivolous tendencies of M. de Kock's novels. It turns out, from the memoirs of the latter, that Napoleon's motive was a widely different one. He refused to bestow the cross of the Legion of Honor upon Paul de Kock because the latter was known to sympathize politically with the opposition. This refusal exasperated the novelist greatly. He had previously received two orders, one from the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, and the other from Pope Gregory XVI., both of whom were eager readers of Paul de Kock's novels.

The elder Dumas has hitherto been considered the most prolific of French novelists, but it now appears that Paul de Kock wrote nearly twice as many volumes. He says that he issued no fewer than between five and six hundred volumes, and nearly three hundred plays. For his first book he received no copyright at all. Two hundred francs was all he got for the second, and for the third, the sharply-criticised "Gustave," ten times as much. The unpopularity of "Gustave" dates from a curious event. It was found that the pupils of the St-Barbe College were surreptitiously reading the book. Two of them were expelled for circulating the volume among their young class-mates, and one of the expelled committed suicide in consequence. Paul de Kock was severely censured for writing such a book, in a circular issued by the Minister of Public Instruction. The consequence was, that "Gustave," which, until then, had been as eagerly read in the palaces of the rich as in the attics of the poor, was suddenly tabooed in good society. The author, however, was comforted by some of his eminent literary brethren. Eugene Sue called upon him personally, and expressed his indignation at this gross injustice, as he called it; while Alexandre Dumas wrote him a letter, in which he said that the author was one of the foremost humorists of the age, and that he had never laughed more heartily than during the perusal of "Gustave."

"One day," says M. de Kock, "I received a perfumed note, very prettily written, and signed 'Florence Jussey.' Florence complimented me in very charming style upon the interesting plots of my novels, and invited me to see her at her house in the Rue de la Paix. I was then young, and pictured my female admirer to myself in the most romantic hues. I dressed myself most carefully, and set out for the Rue de la Paix with decidedly pleasant anticipations. Imagine my disappointment when I found that Florence was a fat, jolly baker-woman, over fifty, very deaf, and very ugly. Owing to her deafness, she talked fearfully loud. 'Madame,' I faltered out, 'I thank you for your kind opinion of my books.' She replied, in a stentorian voice: 'Yes, yes, M. de Kock, but tell me where you get all

the foolishness you put into your novels?" I was dumfounded, and bowed, and left."

More romantic was his first interview with the young lady who afterward became his wife. One day, in the winter-time, a sleigh drove past the little house in Belleville, where Paul de Kock kept bachelor's hall. In the sleigh sat a young woman. The horse ran away, and the young woman was thrown out. The fall had stunned her, and De Kock carried her kindly into his house, and cared for her. She proved to be the daughter of a well-to-do hack-driver, was only eighteen, and very pretty. Paul de Kock fell at once in love with her, and four or five days afterward his betrothal with Mdlle. Jeanne Perrin was duly celebrated. Next day Paul de Kock was visited by his publisher, Dellevie, who said to him, in a high state of indignation:

"Kock, you must be demented! You want to marry a hack-driver's daughter! The disgrace! A hack-driver's daughter! I am ashamed to be your publisher! I hope you will change your mind. . . ."

"Never!" said the ardent lover.

"What! Never?" roared out the indignant publisher. "Then I do not want to be your publisher any longer."

"And then," retorted the angry novelist, "I do not want to write any more books for you."

"Ingrate that you are!" exclaimed Dellevie, and left in great rage.

The same afternoon Paul de Kock found a new publisher, and six months afterward he and Jeanne Perrin were married. Many and many a time did M. Dellevie call on him again in order to become his publisher once more, but Paul de Kock steadily refused. A few years later Dellevie was bankrupt.

Few French writers have ridiculed jealous husbands more mercilessly than Paul de Kock; and yet he confesses himself that the green-eyed monster caused him many an uneasy hour, although he had absolutely no cause for it, his wife being a most excellent and domestic woman. Previous to his marriage, he was not a very religious man; but his wife, or rather his jealousy, made a very regular church-goer of him. He confesses that he could not bear to lose sight of her while she attended divine service, and so he went with her to church. She bore him three children, the eldest of whom, Henri, is an excellent writer, and has inherited much of his father's humorous vein.

Keller remained his publisher for nearly twenty years, but had, in 1863, a falling out with him. The sale of Paul de Kock's books had sensibly decreased, and Keller refused to pay him the liberal copyright he had formerly allowed him. This exasperated M. de Kock so greatly that he resolved to punish Keller. In four days he wrote a humorous story ("L'Âne à M. Martin," M. Martin's Donkey), which is free from all the blemishes of his other works, and which is generally considered his masterpiece. The book met with an extraordinary sale, and proved so lucky a venture for Paul de Kock's new publisher that he offered him the sum of ten thousand francs for a novel of two hundred 12mo pages. Kock accepted the offer, and wrote, in one week's time, "Ma Tante Félicité," which the critics likewise praised very warmly. The author thought he had revenged himself sufficiently upon his former publisher; but M. Keller, in his chagrin, sued him for breach of contract and a heavy bill of damages, and the courts awarded him a round sum; an event which so mortified Paul de Kock that he did not write any thing for over a year.

One of the most entertaining chapters in the book is the account of an interview he had, many years ago, with Rachel, the actress, who, then in the zenith of her fame, believed that Paul de Kock had ridiculed her

in one of his farces, and who actually went to his house with the avowed purpose of making him apologize very humbly, or, in case he should refuse, chastising him.

"Do you know who I am?" she asked him, superciliously.

"Indeed, I do not, madame," he replied, quite puzzled at her overbearing air.

"I am Rachel," she said.

"What! Rachel, the great actress!" he exclaimed, in great surprise, opening his eyes to their widest.

His expression and tone were so good-natured, and his eyes beamed with such genuine admiration, that Mdlle. Rachel was at once completely disarmed, spent an hour in pleasant conversation with M. de Kock, and left him in the best of humor.

King Louis Philippe detested him very cordially, and on one occasion, at the Gymnase Théâtre, being informed that a farce, which made him laugh very heartily, was by Paul de Kock, turned purple with anger, and left the theatre in the middle of the performance. The slighted dramatist revenged himself upon his majesty in a novel manner. He dedicated his next novel to him, which caused a great deal of merriment to the Parisians.

In early life he was an ardent legitimist in politics, but in his later years he became more and more of a republican. In 1848 his neighbors elected him major in the National Guard, which made the old gentleman quite furious, because he believed it had been done to ridicule him on account of his well-known aversion to riding on horseback.

The book closes in 1870, at a time when the Parisians were already experiencing all the horrors of a prolonged siege. The misfortunes of France had produced a most depressing effect upon the old novelist's mind, and the closing lines of the volume are simply a cry of profound despair over the disasters of the war.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

That this curious volume delineates, on the whole, a man marked by the most earnest devotion to human good, and the widest intellectual sympathies, no one who reads it with any discernment can doubt. But it is both a very melancholy book to read, and one full of moral paradoxes. It is very sad, in the first instance, to read the story of the over-tortured boy, constantly incurring his father's displeasure for not being able to do what by no possibility could he have done, and apparently without any one to love. Mr. James Mill, vivacious talker, and, in a narrow way, powerful thinker as he was, was evidently as an educator, on his son's own showing, a hard master, anxious to reap what he had not sown, and to gather what he had not strawed, or, as that son himself puts it, expecting "effects without causes." Not that the father did not teach the child with all his might, and teach in many respects well; but then he taught the boy far too much, and expected him to learn besides a great deal that he neither taught him nor showed him where to find. The child began Greek at three years old, read a good deal of Plato at seven, and was writing what he flattered himself was "something serious," a history of the Roman Government—not a popular history, but a constitutional history of Rome—by the time he was nine years old. He began logic at twelve, went through a "complete course of political economy" at thirteen, including the most intricate points of the theory of currency. He was a constant writer for the *Westminster Review* at eighteen, was editing Bentham's "Theory of Evidence," and writing habitual criticisms of the parliamentary debates at nineteen. At twenty he fell into a profound melancholy, on dis-

covering that the only objects of life for which he lived—the objects of social and political reformers—would, if suddenly and completely granted, give him no happiness whatever. Such a childhood and youth, lived apparently without a single strong affection—for his relation to his father was one of deep respect and fear, rather than love, and he tells us frankly, in describing the melancholy to which we have alluded, that if he had loved any one well enough to confide in him, the melancholy would not have been—and resulting at the age of eighteen in the production of what Mr. Mill himself says might, with as little extravagance as would ever be involved in the application of such a phrase to a human being, be called "a mere reasoning machine"—are not pleasant subjects of contemplation, even though it be true, as Mr. Mill asserts, that the over-supply of study and under-supply of love, did not prevent his childhood from being a happy one. Nor are the other personal incidents of the autobiography of a different cast. Nothing is more remarkable than the fewness, limited character, and apparently, so far as close intercourse was concerned, temporary duration, of most of Mr. Mill's friendships. The one close and intimate friendship of his life, which made up to him for the insufficiency of all others, that with the married lady who, after the death of her husband, became his wife, was one which for a long time subjected him to slanders, the pain of which his sensitive nature evidently felt very keenly. And yet he must have been aware that, though in his own conduct he had kept free from all stain, his example was an exceedingly dangerous and mischievous one for others, who might be tempted by his moral authority to follow in a track in which they would not have had the strength to tread. Add to this that his married life was very brief, only seven years and a half, being unexpectedly cut short, and that his passionate reverence for his wife's memory and genius—in his own words, "a religion"—was one which, as he must have been perfectly sensible, he could not possibly make to appear otherwise than extravagant, not to say an hallucination, in the eyes of the rest of mankind, and yet that he was possessed by an irresistible yearning to attempt to embody it in all the tender and enthusiastic hyperbole of which it is so pathetic to find a man who gained his fame by his "dry-light" a master, and it is impossible not to feel that the human incidents in Mr. Mill's career are very sad. True, his short service in Parliament, when he was already advanced in years, was one to bring him much intellectual consideration and a certain amount of popularity. But even that terminated in a defeat, and was hardly successful enough to repay him for the loss of literary productiveness, which those three years of practical drudgery imposed. In spite of the evident satisfaction and pride with which Mr. Mill saw that his school of philosophy had gained rapid ground since the publication of his "Logic," and that his large and liberal view of the science of political economy had made still more rapid way among all classes, the record of his life which he leaves behind him is not even in its own tone, and still less in the effect produced on the reader, a bright and happy one. It is "sick-lie'd o'er with the pale cast of thought"—and of thought that has to do duty for much, both of feeling and of action, which usually goes to constitute the full life of a large mind.

On the whole, the book will be found, we think, even by Mr. Mill's most strenuous disciples, a dreary one. It shows that in spite of all Mr. Mill's genuine and generous compassion for human misery, and his keen desire to alleviate it, his relation to concrete humanity was of a very confined and reserved kind—one brightened by few personal ties,

and those few not, except in one or two cases, really hearty ones. The multitude was to him an object of compassion and of genuine benevolence, but he had no pleasure in men, no delight in actual intercourse with this strange, various, homely world of motley faults and virtues. His nature was composed of a few very fine threads, but wanted a certain strength of basis, and the general effect, though one of high and even enthusiastic disinterestedness, is meagre and pallid. His tastes were refined, but there was a want of homeliness about his hopes. He was too strenuously didactic to be in sympathy with man, and too incessantly analytic to throw his burden upon God. There was something overstrained in all that was noblest in him, this excess seeming to be by way of compensation, as it were, for the number of regions of life in which he found little or nothing where other men find so much. He was strangely deficient in humor, which, perhaps, we ought not to regret, for, had he had it, his best work would in all probability have been greatly hampered by such a gift. Unique in intellectual ardor and moral disinterestedness, of tender heart and fastidious tastes, though narrow in his range of practical sympathies, his name will long be famous as that of the most wide-minded and generous of political economists, the most disinterested of utilitarian moralists, and the most accomplished and impartial of empirical philosophers. But, as a man, there was in him a certain poverty of nature, in spite of the nobleness in him—a monotonous joylessness, in spite of the hectic sanguineness of his theoretic creed—a want of genial trust, which spurred on into an almost artificial zeal his ardor for philosophic reconstruction; and these are qualities which will probably put a well-marked limit on the future propagation of an influence such as few writers on such subjects have ever before attained within the period of their own lifetime.—*London Spectator*.

CHARACTER OF SOUTHEY.

Southey went rarely into society; scarcely knew by sight any of the country-people living near him; never rode on horseback; took no outdoor exercise save that of walking, and this often from a mere sense of duty, and with a book in his hand; and, although living in one of the loveliest spots in all England, and not insensible to its charms, preferred the shelves of his library to the finest prospect in the world. He found his relaxation where he found his daily labor, within the walls of his study. "I can't afford," he wrote, "to do one thing at a time; no, nor two neither; and it is only by doing many things that I contrive to do so much; for I cannot work long at any thing without hurting myself, and I do every thing by heats; then, by the time I am tired of one, my inclination for another is at hand."

Southey was an affectionate husband and a fond father; and whenever, in his correspondence, he alludes to his home happiness, it is with a tenderness and warmth of feeling that are eminently beautiful. Moreover, he was a constant, and, at all times, noble friend, ready even when in straits himself to help with money or with his pen those who were more straitened. No one ever acted better the part of the good Samaritan, and while he never forgot a benefit received, it would seem as if his own magnanimous charity had no place in his memory. The story of his life abounds in instances of the most generous self-denial, and of a steadfast goodness of heart which never shrunk from the demands made upon it. Heavily burdened as he was with work, he was continually accepting fresh literary labor in order to benefit others; nor

was this all, for he received, under his own roof, his wife's widowed sister, Mrs. Lovell; and when Coleridge, in that strange waywardness of mood which his vice of opium-eating can alone explain, deserted his wife and children, it was with Southey that they found a home. There is a beautiful anecdote given by Lockhart of a poor music-master offering Scott all his savings in the hour of his adversity; a similar story may be told of Southey, who, when his friend May, an early benefactor of the poet, fell into difficulties, sent him more than six hundred pounds, which was all the money he possessed. If the poet had strong and generous affections he was also a good hater, but this feeling was shown to principles rather than to persons, and if, which was not seldom, political animosity led him to write bitterly against his antagonists, there was not one of them for whom, after the moment of writing, he retained an unkindly feeling. It is said that he seldom spoke harshly of any man with whom he had once conversed; he had too large a heart for petty animosities, and he was wholly free from envy. At the time when a whole year's sale of a ponderous epic failed to produce the poet five pounds, Scott was gaining his thousands, but not a word of bitterness falls from Southey on this score; and the praise he bestowed on his contemporaries, a few of them more distinguished than himself, but the larger number men of far inferior power, is frequently more generous than just. Although not, as we have said, a sociable man, he had the good fortune to know intimately most of the illustrious authors who made the early part of this century so famous, and, long before Wordsworth had received the public recognition which was his due as the greatest poet of the age, Southey, like Coleridge, expressed his admiration of his friend and neighbor in no niggard terms. This noble triumvirate, by-the-way, reminds us that probably not since Shakespeare's day have three men of equal mark lived together on terms of intimacy and affection. Landon called them "three towers of one castle," and, as all the world knows, they have been absurdly classed together as forming a school of poetry.

In later life Southey seems to have discovered that he was less likely to be remembered for his poetry than for his prose, but in early manhood it was as a poet that he anticipated earthly immortality and a monument in St. Paul's. And it is curious to note how he followed his vocation as a poet with the steady, business-like regularity which marked his ordinary engagements with the booksellers. "I had rather leave off eating than poetizing," he said, and so he tagged verses and ate his daily meals with a similar regularity. With this difference, however, that he was a moderate eater and a most immoderate rhymester. "What a pity," he said, at two-and-twenty, "that I should not execute my intention of writing more verses than Lope de Vega, more tragedies than Dryden, and more epic poems than Blackmore!" and many years afterward he told a friend that he had had a plan of making every important mythology the basis of a narrative poem, adding that if "Thalaba" had been more successful he should have accomplished his whole design, and produced such a poem every year. Indeed, it is painful to think of the extent to which Southey might have burdened the world with poetry if circumstances had been more favorable, and all the more painful when we remember that this unhappy facility of verse-making, which seemed independent of season and of place, instead of adding to his poetical reputation, has done much to diminish it. Southey based this reputation upon his epics, and epic poetry, like wine, unless of the finest quality, is com-

paratively worthless. The epic and the drama afford scope for the most exquisite and the most precious expression of the poetical intellect; but in works of this class there is no room for inferiority. It may be possible to write poems not of the highest order, which shall afford permanent delight; and many a simple piece of verse, owing to some dainty turn of thought, or choice rhythmical melody, lives in the memory a joy forever. The short lyric poem is remembered because it soothes the ear and touches the heart, and gladdens us with beauty of form; but the epic poet, like the dramatic poet, has a high argument to sustain for a lengthened period, and to succeed in doing this demands genius of the noblest order, as well as the consummate taste of a great literary artist. Therefore it is that the world knows only three or four epic poets, and among these there is no place for the author of "Madoc" or of "Roderick."

Southey had but little ear for harmony, and it was therefore all the more unfortunate for his fame that he elected to write his "Thalaba" in a novel metre, which is without the dignity of heroic blank verse, or the soothing, satisfying charm of rhyme. Landon saw his friend's mistake in this respect, and observed, very justly: "Are we not a little too fond of novelty and experiment, and is it not reasonable to prefer those kinds of versification which the best poets have adopted and the best judges have cherished for the longest time?" But Southey, on the contrary, was well pleased with his experiment, thinking that, while it gave the poet a wider range of expression, it satisfied the ear of the reader. So far is this from being the case, that no one familiar with the lovely harmony of Shelley's verse, or with the delicate music of Coleridge, to say nothing of earlier and later poets, is likely to gain delight from the strange and fitful, and sometimes jarring notes of Southey. But there is strength in his verse, if not harmony, and "Thalaba," while it has its wildernesses and arid deserts, can also boast, as indeed all Southey's epics may, many a fair scene of richness and beauty. Splendor of diction and felicity of description occur frequently, but frequently also the action halts, the verse drags, and the reader feels inclined to resign himself to slumber. On the whole, perhaps, the erudition lavished on the poem is more striking than its poetical wealth, and it is sometimes a relief to turn aside from the text to the curious and highly-entertaining notes which serve to illustrate it. Southey himself judged "Roderick" to be the finest of all his poems, and Landon, in writing to him, said: "There is no poem in existence that I shall read so often." Charles Lamb, however, an admirable judge, and Wordsworth also, preferred "The Curse of Kehama," and, without endeavoring to compare the value of the two works, there can be no doubt that they are the poet's greatest and least wearisome efforts. It is singular that in none of Southey's epics are there passages which lay hold of the memory, and become, as it were, a part of one's life. No doubt, the first consideration of the poet should be to have a worthy action, and the more he strives after this object, the less will he concern himself with the beauty of particular passages, but the lack of what may be called "beauties" in Southey's poetry is due, we think, less to the severity of his taste than to the diffusiveness of his style, which has, as it were, no points for the memory to lay hold of. With all their deficiencies, however, the student of English poetry can never pass by with indifference these elaborate productions, but he is not likely to agree with Macaulay that Southey's poems, taken in the mass, rank far higher than his prose works.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

FOR several months past the American tourists in Europe have been tiding homeward, each steamer bringing a hundred or so, and much will be heard of their experiences abroad in the saloons of "good society" this winter.

Somebody has divided all modern tourists into four classes—the sentimental, the matter-of-fact, the tourist because it is fashionable, and the refined and educated. The sentimental tourist, especially of the gentler sex, "dies," if you may believe her word, over every picturesque castle, pretty river, and towering height, which she visits; her tastes are so catholic that every picture she sees is "perfectly lovely," and every church is "how splendid!" She "goes wild" over the Coliseum by moonlight, and "thought she should faint" when she gazed at the dome of St. Peter's. The matter-of-fact tourist has brought back a note-book full of figures. He will tell you just how high the Nelson Monument is, just how long it takes to go from Paris to Geneva and just what it costs, just how large a population Austria has, and just the size of the Turkish Army. The fashionable tourist, pure and simple, has but little to impart; he was incontinently bored, but, knowing the grand-tour was "the thing," pursued it with heroic self-sacrifice to the end.

Our travelers have not only brought home a large stock of visual experience, but with them have come boxes, and cases, and monster trunks, packed with the *objets d'art* which their own or the mercenary and vicarious taste of experts has suggested as worthy materials of home adornment; and, among these, pictures—whether modern originals, rare bits of the old masters, or copies of the latter—form perhaps the most extensive and valuable part. The reader need not be told that the principal art-show of Europe consists of the pictures which are collected in the galleries, palaces, and churches. Everywhere one is compelled, whether he will or not, to promenade between long rows of canvas; and more, he is imperatively expected to admire them all. To suggest that he is weary of picture-galleries, is to condemn his taste forever. Few though there be who have any culture or knowledge of art, it is rarely that a European tourist can be found so brave as to acknowledge that endless perambulations of picture-galleries bore him. Affectation in art, or rather of taste and judgment in art, is a prevalent fashionable weakness, and all the scathing tirades of Ruskin, who is forever tearing his hair—in print—over this subject, have not conquered the invincible craving of nearly every one to be considered persons of taste.

But there is, after all, another extreme; and this is more injurious to an object which is surely one of high importance—the educa-

tion of the people in art—than is the assumption of a taste which does not exist. There are people, and among them people intelligent, shrewd, and in other matters very sensible, who courageously but wrongly decry the pictorial art as useless and sheer waste of time, skill, and money, and who hold in contempt not only all who practise, but all who enjoy it. Devoid of either a natural or cultivated taste in the beauties of the canvas, and rigidly utilitarian in their views, they see no good in any thing that does not directly contribute to the material machinery of life. These forget that the graces and adornments of civilization have a very powerful and certain effect upon the morality, virtuous pleasure, and humaneness of a people.

There is, indeed, a real use in looking at and studying pictures, even though it be with the most uncultivated eye. It is a good thing, even to the matter-of-fact and the fashionable tourists, that they are obliged by the fiat of Fashion to make the round of the Louvre, to have the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great masters pointed out to them, to study up the catalogues, and to be told the special excellences of each work. They absorb something of taste and culture from this unconsciously, as, in certain tasteless waters, healthful minerals are taken into the body, giving it a better tone. Such persons may not be able to appreciate the quality of a beautiful picture—the combination of harmonies in the drawing, the coloring, the attitude, the allegory, and the moral told. It is only keen natural taste, carefully educated, that can recognize the approach to perfection in the execution of a great artist. But something of excellence is caught by the untutored, even from these. Pictures of a secondary rank—such as battle-scenes, scenes from the history of courts or nations, portraits of the famous—have their use in creating a curiosity for knowledge, and making the past more vivid as a reality. A custom or peculiarity of a people may be more readily understood by a glance at a good illustration of it on canvas than by an octavo volume. Who does not recognize, with almost the vividness of the scenes which pass daily before our eyes, just what the Dutch boor and his frau were in Rembrandt's time, by a glimpse of one of his household scenes? Everybody who has seen a portrait by Velasquez knows what sort of a person a Spanish don of the time of Philip IV. was. Raphael's sacred pictures reveal at once the unquestioning faith of the mediæval Italians in miracles. Each great painter represents something of his time—its tastes, its faith, its manners, its historical events, its tendencies—and so is able to convey a hint to the most obtuse observer. Even the processions of apparently unappreciative tourists through the art-galleries are, therefore, of some good; and the fashion of collecting and bringing home originals and copies, though the lots may be a jumble of excellences and preten-

tious impositions, may be welcomed as doing its share toward developing a real taste for art, and gradually educating people to higher artistic perceptions.

—Some time ago we pointed out to our contributors an unjust ruling of the Post-Office Department, whereby manuscripts designed for publication in periodicals are excluded from legal classification as "book manuscripts," and letter-postage required thereon. We declared then that the obvious intention of the law is to permit *authors'* manuscripts to go by mail at the same rates of charges as books do; and that the limitation of the law to strictly book manuscripts is almost to defeat the action of the law, inasmuch as manuscripts of books are commonly too bulky for transmission by mail. We further pointed out that many articles, although first appearing in periodicals, are really portions of books, in which form they are designed ultimately to appear. Christian Reid's "A Daughter of Bohemia," which we are now publishing in the JOURNAL, is distinctly a book, notwithstanding the fact that it appears first in a periodical; its ultimate form will be that of a book; and the author of this story had indisputable legal right to transmit the manuscript to us by mail at book postage, even if all the postmasters in Christendom had decided to the contrary.

But the Post-Office Department go now still further. The law provides that a parcel sent by book-post shall contain upon the wrapper "no other writing, or information whatever," excepting the direction. The purpose of this law is to guard against an illegal use of book-rates, to prevent the surreptitious conveying of information, to require a rigid limitation of that which is transmitted to book-postal matter. But the Post-Office Department choose to interpret this law as covering information which is necessary for the postmaster's guidance in determining the rate of charges. For instance, to write on the wrapper of a manuscript the words "book manuscript," is to subject the parcel to letter-rates. This is simply an infamous perversion of the law. Let us explain how it works. Recently a parcel came directed to the editor of this JOURNAL, which was not, as the postmaster might have supposed, a periodical manuscript, but the portion of a book. To guard against this natural interpretation by the post-office, the sender had written upon the wrapper the words "book manuscript." But it came to our office with a demand for letter-postage. The parcel was returned to the post-office, with an explanation of its contents, and inquiring the reason why letter-rates were charged. The answer was, because the two words, "book manuscript," were added to the address upon the wrapper. Now, note the writer's quandary. If he had sent it to the editor without this information, which was solely designed for the postmaster, letter-postage

would have been certain to be charged; and yet his very effort to make the postmaster understand the matter is seized upon by the department as an excuse for the higher rates of charges. The question naturally arises whether the department has the right to thus nullify a law.

In some cases it is simply impossible, under the regulations, for any one to avail himself of these special postal rates—as, for instance, in proof-sheets for periodicals. The law here has no qualifying term whatever. It provides that "proof-sheets and corrected proof-sheets" may be forwarded by mail at book-postage rates. But, if such proofs are sent to a periodical with no explanatory words as to the contents of the parcel, the department assumes that it is a periodical manuscript, and demands letter-rates. If, on the other hand, the sender takes the precaution of writing on the wrapper "Proof-sheets," as a necessary indication of the contents of the wrapper, he violates a post-office regulation, and letter-rates are imposed as a penalty. The sender is thus caught on either horn of the dilemma. This sort of trickery has rendered the law nearly inoperative.

Not a day now passes that we do not have to make up large deficits of postage on our contributors' articles on account of these rulings. But whether the amount be small or large, makes no difference. The action of the department is an outrageous usurpation, which ought to be resisted, no matter how insignificant the sum of money involved in the matter. It is useless for the department to argue that their interpretation of the law is in accordance with their understanding of it; we simply don't believe them. There is no postmaster so dull as not to see that the "further information" mentioned in the law refers to further information for the recipient, and cannot possibly apply, and no one in his senses believes it to apply, to information designed not merely for the postmaster, but which is absolutely necessary for his guidance in the matter. But the Post-Office Department never evinces the slightest disposition to discover and be governed by the spirit and purport of the law, but solely a desire to wring as much money out of the public as possible.

Few people, excepting those immediately concerned, are aware to what extent the custom-house authorities impose their arbitrary and vexatious regulations upon the merchants; the merchants, anxious to get their merchandise, and create in the official departments as little prejudice against themselves as possible, submit with what patience they can; and but few people are aware of what really infamous things are continually done by the revenue collectors, with whom the most sacred personal rights guaranteed by our charters have no authority or respect. The post-office can never go quite so far as the custom-house and the internal-revenue organizations in the road

of injustice and arbitrary authority; we wish it could, inasmuch as it has the spirit to do so; for the post-office reaches everybody, and not as, in the other cases, a few persons anxious not to have their trade disturbed; and, once the whole people made victims to the intolerable exactions and impositions now so common by government officials, there would arise a hubbub certain to bring postmaster-generals and treasury secretaries to their senses.

— The *Saturday Review*, which is so determined to think of us in the States as so many half-civilized barbarians of a very queer stripe, of whom the railway-president Fisk, the platform declaimer Train, the showman Barnum, the preacher Talmage, are fair representatives, is charmed to find in Mr. Hale's "Ups and Downs" proof that we absolutely have in America a quiet domestic life worthy of an Englishman's approbation. Englishmen are too apt, it thinks, to look upon the United States as solely a country of Eric rings and Tammany Halls, of "six-shooters" and bowie-knives; where steamboat-boilers are always bursting, and railway-bridges always breaking down; where rogues, instead of standing at the bar, sit on the bench; where swindlers, if only on a big scale, are financiers; and where blustering bullies, if only engaged in an international arbitration, are jurists and patriots. They call to mind too often the vulgarity which disgusts the traveler, forgetting the home-life of which the traveler sees nothing. "But 'Ups and Downs,'" the *Review* declares, "reminds us that, beneath all this froth—and very foul froth, too—that is tossing about on the surface, there is ever running a deep stream as pure as it is quiet. We find in it a set of steady middle-class folks who, for all that we are told, are as indifferent toward England as the ordinary Englishman is toward America, who are too much engaged in making love, in making their way in life, and in making the two ends meet, to have time to think of the British lion and the American eagle. We find, instead of the rash, fierce blaze of riot in which the New-York shoddy-world so much delights, a life as homely and as picturesque as any that Mrs. Gaskell or George Eliot has described. Indeed, we do not know whether the American provincial life is not more picturesque and more quaint than any we can find even with all the advantages of an old country. Mingled with the sober Puritanism of New England, which Hawthorne has so well described, there is to be found, from the constant and varied streams of emigration that set to its shores, the light-heartedness of the Celt, the homely simplicity of the German, and the still homelier simplicity of the Norwegian and the Swede. With all this there is the absence of grinding, depressing poverty, and the presence of Nature still wild and untamed. To simple descriptions of such a simple life as this we gladly turn away from the extravagant novels of the present day. As we read such a book as 'Ups and Downs,' we get a kindlier feeling toward the honest folks of the Northeastern

and Northwestern States." It is odd that the *Review* has not been able to discover in many other American books the characteristics of our domestic life; but no doubt its recollections of our better literature have been lost sight of in the writings of our newspapers, which, as a rule, justify all its impressions of our social life. So long as our journals keep persistently telling the world that we are without honesty in our dealings, without simplicity in our manners, without culture, or taste, or breeding, or domestic peace, there would seem to be no justice in complaining, because we are taken at our word. It is fortunate there is an occasional book like "Ups and Downs" calculated to help set the general opinion right.

— The *Times*, of this city, deplores the want of genuine sociability among our town-people. There is a good deal of display in our homes; we are fond of ostentatious hospitality; but real friendly social intercourse is not one of our own virtues. The *Times* talks as if it were referring to the whole community, and yet means only a class. This persistent habit of assuming that the vices of the *parvenus* and a certain ostentatious few pertain to the great body of the people, is one cause of the misjudgments that prevail abroad in regard to our social life. If we enter the houses of the great middle class we find as simple tastes and candid manners as anywhere else in the world. There are ostentatious people, ignorant people, vulgar people, uninteresting people, disagreeable people everywhere; but in no country in the world is the disposition to make the follies or the faults of individuals representative of whole classes so common as in America.

— The growth of the city has caused our market-houses to become mainly great receiving centres of provisions, the groceries in every avenue assuming the distributing function. The green-grocer was never, perhaps, entirely unknown, but his place and power have developed into a metropolitan feature of no little interest. One notable circumstance is the comparatively recent exhibition of good taste in the display of his goods. Once we saw at the grocers' a distasteful and unsavory jumble of stale-looking peas, uninviting cabbages, and withered apples—now many of their shops are absolutely delightful art-studies. Not only is the appetite whetted by an inviting array of choice edibles, but the eye is charmed by delicious combinations and effects of color. We paused recently on the sidewalk before such a display, charmed out of several minutes of time by the singularly beautiful picture the tasteful grocer had made of his tempting merchandise: there were the dark brown of the hazelnut and the chestnut, and the deep gray of the pecan; the glorious carbuncle of the Portugal grape, and the greenish white of the Malaga; the yellow of the pippin, the russet and the red of other apples; the gold of the orange, the green of the cauliflower—there were, indeed, all the mellow tints and tones of autumn, such as a painter would despair of successfully copying, as harmoniously grouped

in teeming baskets as if the grocer had taken his lessons of color in the art-schools. These sidewalk pictures are quite abundant in the upper part of Broadway, and in Fourth and Sixth Avenues; if our town readers have taste for color, let them note what is really a very charming feature of a morning walk in the avenues we have mentioned.

— There is at the Central Park, on an elevation near the upper end of the Mall, and close by the Casino, a very ugly and mysterious-looking building which, no doubt, has puzzled many of the visitors to this section of our great pleasure-ground. A half-hidden little sign informs the curious that it is a *camera-obscura*; but, even with this information, one would hesitate about entering the very inhospitable-looking structure. If, however, he overcomes the very natural repugnance excited by the outward aspect of the building, and enters, he will be rewarded for his temerity. He will find himself in a dark rotunda, with a circular, white table in the centre. Presently, ingeniously-arranged lights in the upper portion of the rotunda will cast pictorial reflections upon the table, showing, with marvelous accuracy of detail, successive pictures of the park. Every one, at times, has found amusement in watching the moving panorama reflected in a camera; here it is only the same thing enhanced in interest by the greater magnitude of the apparatus. There are certainly thus afforded very charming glimpses of the park scenery and the park life of crowding vehicles and thronged paths, and the park-visitor misses a pleasing entertainment if he neglects a visit to this queer little art-rotunda. We believe that it is destined not always to remain in its ugliness. In every other instance the park architecture not only satisfies us on account of its useful service, but because of its charming devices; and, in keeping with this really admirable æsthetic spirit, a new structure has been designed, in which the camera will soon find more artistic and suitable housing than it has at present.

— We met recently, in a journal somewhere, a statement that architects were prevented from carrying out their designs by the interference of the owners of the buildings. Very likely this is true in many instances, but we are not willing to believe that it accounts for the weak mistakes we see everywhere in our architecture. We have on a former occasion expressed the opinion that architects are more sensible to form than to color—graceful proportion satisfies their judgment, while they forget that light and shade are indispensable to richness of effect. Our modern architecture specially lacks the pediment. All our structures are too flat, and without projections or deep recesses there can be none of that effect of shadow upon which the artistic character of architecture so much depends. And that weak pediments exist because of the interference of owners is difficult to believe. A new building has just gone up in Broadway at the corner of Bond Street that, in many particulars, is admirable. There is a rich contrast of brick with heavy stone trimmings; the arch,

too little seen in our buildings, is most artistically introduced; but a very inferior cornice greatly injures the effect of the structure as a whole. It is just one of those buildings that would have admitted of highly-picturesque design for the roof; but, instead of this, its elaborate and well-conceived façades terminate in a very feeble and paltry sky-line. It is a pity so large and noble a project should reach so disappointing a fulfillment. It would be worth knowing whether this result comes of the architect's blunder or the owner's interference.

Correspondence.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., November 10, 1873.

To the Editor of *Appleton's Journal*.

DEAR SIR: In the recent interesting description of the city of Ghent, in your *JOURNAL*, permit me to mention that the Cathedral-Church is erroneously called that of *St. Bavon*: its real name is *St. Bavo*. The writer, in my opinion, hardly does justice to the beauty of its interior, which is of a very high order. It may be also stated, as a fact of some interest connected therewith, that in 1559 the king, Philip II. of Spain, held there the last chapter of the once famous order of the Golden Fleece (*Toison d'Or*).

The anecdote related of the Emperor Charles V. loses some of its wit when told in English; giving it in French, "*Je mettrais votre Paris dans mon Gand*," the pun upon the name of the city comes out quite happily. This was not the only time that the great emperor thus joked upon the name of his favorite city; for we are told that the Duke of Alba, having advised the monarch to destroy the proud and rebellious place which had caused him so much trouble, the emperor conducted the duke to the platform of the belfry, and, pointing to the great and busy city at their feet, said: "*Combien fallait il de peaux d'Espagne pour faire un Gand de cette grandeur*."

G.

Art Notes.

THAT, in spite of the commercial depression, the public buying and selling of pictures is not entirely at a stand-still, may be judged from the fact that Messrs. Leavitt deem it prudent to put between two and three hundred paintings into the market at auction. Whether the enterprise is a successful one may be a problem pecuniarily, but there is no question that it is a matter of some importance to artists and amateurs to learn that, however preoccupied the public may be with other matters, still, in New-York City, there is a corner left unoccupied by trade, and reserved for art and intellectual interests.

The great charm of the collection to which we allude is found in its water-colors. Some of them are the work of the most noted artists in Europe, and, on the whole, they afford one of the best examples of the use of this vehicle of color that has ever been seen here. Starting with Rivoire's flower-pictures, of which the *JOURNAL* gave a brief notice last week, there are all degrees of finish and methods of work, from his elaborate delineation to the rich washes of color in Vibert's "*Sibyl*," and to the almost intangible sketch of Fortuny's "*Scene in Spain*."

Paris, Rome, England, and this country, are

represented in these specimens, which give probably the best kind of lesson a student of water-colors can take in this convenient, effective, and hitherto little understood mode of coloring. The pictures are, some of them, very sketchy, and can be appreciated only by a trained eye. The architectural paintings, however, are often quite fine, but it was as studies for students that their value chiefly affected us. We should say to students that they could never do better than to go right up to such paintings as the Rivoires, and the Fortuny especially, and examine the method of work employed, and, touch by touch, see how effects were produced by those masters. Let them look out for transparent color and opaque hues; observe where one was laid over another, and whether it was smoothly blended with it, or crisply dovetailed together.

Beyond the mechanical excellence of some of these paintings, it is difficult to speak. To one accustomed to examine critically collection after collection, the multitude of the works and the meagreness of the thought in them suggest the wish that only born artists should add to the surfeiting multiplicity which presses on us. From another view, however, this discontent is lessened when it is remembered how many homes are made more elegant and refined by even the moderately good work which is hung upon their walls; and, when we recollect the marked improvement in the art taste of our citizens in the last twenty years, and see how their knowledge of pictures has been purified and elevated, we cannot but rejoice at the wide diffusion of works which, though abstractly not of the highest kind, are yet gradually educating the people to the love and appreciation of better things.

The *London Spectator* had recently a highly-appreciative notice of Frère, the French painter, à propos of an exhibition of his pictures in London. It says: "His painting of children is as different as it can be from the conventional studying of models imported into the studio, and thereby losing their natural grace and artless simplicity. One of the most distinctive and charming characteristics of unspoiled childhood is the utter absence of self-consciousness, and the air of complete absorption of mind with which it regards some incident, or engages in some occupation, to us merely trivial. This should never be lost sight of by the painter of children; and we believe that a great deal of the charm of Frère's portraiture depends on its constant recognition. But, to see it and paint it, the artist must be on the most easy terms with his sitter; and one cannot fail to perceive that the presence of M. Frère with his palette and brushes in any part of the village of his adoption, is a great deal too familiar a sight to cause any interruption of the ordinary pursuits or demeanor of the children. We do not, however, profess to know by what process M. Frère fixes upon his canvas these wonderfully true and subtly rendered incidents of child-life. They are too vivid and complete in their impression for us to suppose that they can be other than actual incidents, painted exactly (or with the modifications necessary to artistic treatment) as he has seen them. They cannot, of course, be actually finished from the life. The use of models, in the ordinary sense of the term, must, one would think, be confined to very mechanical parts of such work as this. Does he trust entirely to strong power of observation and a retentive memory, or does he aid his recollection by rapid sketches, taken when an incident strikes his fancy, in a few expressive touches of the pencil or brush?"

"For Edouard Frère, besides being a great delineator of character, is a thorough artist, and his pictures are as skillful in the qualities of composition, lighting, and color, as they are masterly in those above referred to. In these sketches and studies we see him chiefly as an artist, taking notes with more or less elaboration of the effects of form, light, and color, which commend themselves to his artistic sense, choosing, no doubt in many cases, what might become useful for backgrounds, or otherwise, in his finished pictures. They have that peculiar charm of freshness which belongs to sketches direct from Nature, and uncooked for exhibition."

German art in the late Vienna Exhibition, according to a writer in the *Portfolio*, presented so strong a front that, of the twenty competing nations, France alone assailed her position. Belgium, as usual, took a first rank, and yet stood in the rear of Germany. Italy, though only surpassed in the number of her pictorial contributions by Germany, France, and Austria, reached to nothing higher than a good second class. Russia, England, Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, and Denmark, standing pretty much in this order of merit, occupied but subordinate places. "German art does not surrender her national characteristics; contrasted with French art on the west, and Italian on the south, she shows both weakness and strength. Compared with Italian, she wants the sense of beauty; and, measured with French, she lacks spontaneity, lithesome play, sketchiness, and off-hand dash; in short, she is serious, solemn, and studious, even to a fault. But Germany has of late been mending her ways; and, after making all fair allowance for her faults, she remains noble in idea, fertile in conception, scientific in construction, profound in the reading of character, accurate in drawing, and solid in technique."

Referring to the announcement of the Royal Academy's intention to gather the greatest possible number of pictures by Sir E. Landseer for exhibition in the winter, the *Athenæum* points out that a difficulty has arisen in studying these works through the extraordinary liberties which, in numerous cases, have been taken with their names. Not a few pictures bear three, and some so many as four different titles; there are few which have not more than one. Now the Academy has an opportunity for giving standard titles, and it is desirable that this chance should not be lost when the forthcoming catalogue is prepared. It suggests the advisability of recurring to the original names under which the pictures were exhibited.

Music and the Drama.

SEVERAL dramatic versions of Mr. Wilkie Collins's novel of "The New Magdalen" have been acted in different cities, but the dramatization, by Mr. Collins himself, for Miss Carlotta Leclercq, is the only one that has claims upon our consideration. This was not produced in New York until the evening of November 10th. That the moral of this story is bad, there is scarcely the necessity of saying. It is not merely that the subject in itself is dangerous, but the treatment of it by Mr. Collins is peculiarly misleading; full of sophistry, and well calculated to make one condone a fault in sympathy with the person. There is no more wholesome sentiment than a well-cherished hatred of sin; and, while it is no more than

Christian charity to respect the efforts of those who are struggling to reform, we must beware of a sympathy that weakens our repugnance for the crime. In "The New Magdalen" we have a reformed courtesan struggling to regain her place in society, but who is not so reformed that she cannot play the impostor to gain her ends. One may well question if there is real contrition in a woman who is ready to act an elaborate fraud, or a genuine penitence when she reveals the imposture only when it becomes impossible to maintain it. Yet so adroitly is the story told, that we find ourselves heartily sympathizing with the woman's sufferings, her remorse, and her aspirations, even when it is entirely obvious that very low and vulgar crimes are set in a glamour of sentiment. Our literary and dramatic artists claim the right to treat the great facts and passions of life; this we yield to them, provided they present these facts and passions in their truth, with stern regard to their moral significance. It is not bad morals to describe the sins and delineate the wrong passions of men and women; but it is bad morals to so describe and delineate them that in the sympathy for the sinner is lost the detestation of the sin. "The New Magdalen," as a work of art, is admirable. The story is told with great simplicity and directness, moving steadily with gathering interest from the beginning to the end. The scenes are compact, the situations telling; the interest excited is strong and profound. The part of the heroine, *Mercy Merrick*, is in the hands of Miss Leclercq, an actress perfectly trained in her business. In this lady's acting we have a glimpse of the thoroughness of the old stage-methods. In the absolute perfection of her style, she recalls actresses like Ellen Tree and others of her school. But her art is always greater than her inspiration. Clara Morris, for instance, would have given a far less finished performance—her art, indeed, would have been unequal to some of the requirements of the scenes; but there would have been intense passion—the heart-cry would have been more real and thrilling; with less of consummate skill, there would have been occasionally a far more genuine insight into the woman's bleeding heart. In the earlier scenes, Miss Leclercq failed, it seemed to us, almost altogether in showing the character of the woman she was personating—her stage-art, as we have said, was complete, but her soul had no power to transform itself into the creature she was imagining; but, in the later scenes, when the motives and the passions become complicated, when we see the now refined woman struggling between her remorse, her dread of shame, her love, her longings to do right, and her fear of consequences, we have a picture that is nearly perfect—a picture that the half-training of our young American actresses could never have mastered, for which even genius without adequate art would have been insufficient. As an illustration of the thoroughness of the old-fashioned methods, which we so often hear derided by those who know nothing of them, this personation should be studied. Miss Leclercq is indeed young, but she is one of the few actresses who have studied after the choice models of the old stage. The play is well put on the stage (at the Broadway), but is not well enough acted in all the parts. Mr. Ward gives a very clerical personation of the unclerical clergyman *Julian Gray*; if he would abandon his pulpit declamation altogether the rendition would be a good one, for he exhibits abundant heartiness and feeling.

Among the interesting passages of the current musical season, the production of "Les

Huguenots," the greatest of the Meyerbeer operas, during the middle of November, by the Strakosch opera troupe, is entitled to some eminence. Meyerbeer (perhaps Wagner only excepted) has produced the most elaborate and difficult of grand operas. In "Les Huguenots" especially every thing is on the grandest scale. The ingenuity of the composer has run riot in taxing all the contrivances of scenic and spectacular effect, and the necessities of the *mise en scène* are alone enough to preclude any thing but failure, unless produced by a great company, with all the facilities of mechanical contrivance to build a framework for the splendid musical and dramatic pictures. When to this is added the gigantic character of the musical work to be done, the choruses and orchestration bristling with difficulties, the solos, thickly studding the principal parts, that demand the most consummate care in execution, and the *exigent* nature of the dramatic *motifs*, we have a combination which places an insuperable stumbling-block in the pathway of most *impressarios*. In criticising the performance of "Les Huguenots," it is always well to remember that Meyerbeer wrote every part for a particular artist, each one a great exceptional representative in the lyric art. This fact of itself enhances the difficulty of its representation. The most gigantic work in French music, the stern, rugged, massive outlines of "Les Huguenots," compare with other operas as the Egyptian Pyramids with other architecture. Whatever Wagner may owe in the spirit and essence of his music to the Germanic nature, there can be no question that, in his forms and reforms, Meyerbeer, who was at the very height of his grandeur during Wagner's residence in Paris, had a most potent force in formulating his conceptions.

At the announcement that "Les Huguenots" would be produced by the Strakosch company, there was some fear of its being a risky experiment. Results proved that such apprehensions were ill founded. Though the music of "Valentine," "Raoul," and "Marcel," was written for heavier voices than those possessed by Mme. Nilsson, and Signora Campanini and Nannetti, the tremendous energy and effort to which they wrought themselves, and the superb acting, conspired to win them a great triumph. It is perhaps not too much to say that Nilsson never before appeared to such advantage in America. Both she and Campanini evidently saved themselves carefully during the early portions of the opera, a repression that made this part of the work rather tame. But the audience more than pardoned them in the magnificent after-performance. Up to the third act, the audience was rather cold, except toward Miss Cary's exquisite delivery of the music of "Urbain" (written for Mlle. Alboni), and Nannetti's rendering of the "Pif-paf." The culmination of the performance was in that most sublime of all the lyric expressions of passion, the parting between *Raoul* and *Valentine*. In this, both the soprano and tenor rose to a height of grandeur which their most ardent admirers hardly prophesied for them. The almost frantic enthusiasm of the audience showed how completely they were carried away. Among the other features of the performance, may be mentioned Maurel's fine interpretation of "San Bris," and Del Puente's rendering of "Nevers's" music. The choruses were in some cases not at all good, and the orchestra was very badly handled by Signor Musio, but there were so many exceptionally superb features in the general performance that it must be set down as so far the most remarkable of the musical season.

In any nation so poor in musical invention as the Americans have yet shown themselves, any elaborate contribution to the literature of music will be hailed with decided interest and curiosity. The Anglo-Saxon races of Europe and America lag far behind the other great peoples in the vanguard of civilization so far as musical originality is concerned, though England has produced a few great composers, and many brilliant song-writers. The art-creativity of America has rather shown itself in the production of artists than of art, and any indication of the awakening of the latter loftier function is alike a matter for congratulation and critical study. The publication of so important an attempt as the oratorio of "St. Peter," by John Knowles Paine, of Boston, issued under the *imprimatur* of Oliver Ditson & Co., merits, therefore, something more than mere passing notice. England is the native home of oratorio, and this form of musical composition seems to be more sympathetic to the Anglo-Saxon mind than any other. It is not surprising that, in this country, oratorio should be signalized as among the earlier fruits of a coming musical harvest. Bristow and some others have produced works of this class which have gained more than an ephemeral popularity, though for the most part developed in the form of the cantata. But in Mr. Paine's work we have a most elaborate and finished effort, in which all the details of form as well as essential law have been most industriously worked out. The life of St. Peter was full of such marvelous dramatic effects that few themes could have been found better adapted to inspire musical fertility. Mr. Paine's dealing with his subject is perhaps more creditable to his painstaking scholarship and accomplishment as a musician than to his originality, but there is sufficient of the latter to warrant us in expecting more massive and intrinsic power in a second effort. Each step in music links itself with its predecessors, and there are few of the great composers who have emancipated themselves from the coloring and methods of their early models till continued practice has given them an assured and daring tread through the wonderful realms of the tone-world.

The field of design in this oratorio covers "The Divine Call," "The Denial and Repentance," "The Ascension," and "Pentecost," and includes eighteen choruses, eight *recitatives* and *arias* for the soprano, five for contralto, seven for tenor, seven for bass, and several duets and quartets, besides two orchestral numbers. The musical succession of these is in the strictest accordance with the precedents set by the great masters of oratorio, and the changes of tone-coloring admirably adapted to the dramatic development of the theme. Mr. Paine shows a genuine feeling for oratorio, and the instincts of the musician and student work through his fabric at every turn.

Charges have been made against Mr. Paine of wholesale plagiarism, or at least of adaptation from the works of the great composers. This assault we believe to be hasty and harsh, bearing the inspiration of a spirit much to be deprecated, and too common, the tendency to sneer at our own productions in art because they are American. The musical student will not fail to find reminiscences of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, scattered thickly throughout "St. Peter," but not in any sense such as to justify the criticism we have alluded to. These musical memories must rather look for their source to that unconscious imitation in spirit rather than of melodic phrase, which the rigid and limited form of oratorio so easily induces, and from

which the great masters themselves were not entirely free. The influence of Sebastian Bach, the great monarch of the *fugue*, over Mr. Paine, is marked. But Bach, as the greatest master of strict and subtle counterpoint in musical history, illustrates most fully the laws of composition, which must underlie the oratorio more than all other forms, as the effects in oratorio are wrought from broad, simple, massive themes, and the harmonies must be consecutive and logical. Mr. Paine's study of Bach lays him open to the charge, perhaps, of being too strictly the servant of the canons of the latter as displayed in his "Passions" music; but, as a school of composition in religious music, this is incomparable, and no modern composer can afford to disdain or neglect it. Our limits preclude any thing like the examination of this work in detail. This must be sought for in the columns of the musical journals. It is only justice, however, to Mr. Paine to concede to his work the evidences of considerable native power, and still more marked learning and labor. Its production is an important sign in American music. The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston have the oratorio now in elaborate preparation under the direct supervision of the composer, and its performance by this venerable and splendid organization is looked for as one of the important art events of the season at the American Athens.

The steps being taken toward the complete union of all the musical societies in the United States for participation at the Philadelphia Centennial seem to have a significant bearing on the future of art. This early provision, if matters are wisely administered, will insure us against the repetition of the gigantic Gilmore attempts at Boston. Something like unity of purpose in the choral organization of the musical elements, scattered through the country, has long been needed, and it is well that a sufficient motive power is now furnished. There is no reason why a magnificent musical festival—fully equal, superior, indeed, to those of London and Manchester—should not be one of the most remarkable attractions of the Philadelphia Exposition. But, to organize so great a work, there should be a one-man power at its front. Mr. Theodore Thomas, whose name is more identified with the progress of American music than any other, and who has already commenced to systematize choral training throughout America, with reference to his own great scheme of national American opera, is evidently the man for the work. The Philadelphia committee of organization should consult the views of Thomas in this matter.

Literary Notes.

"HESTER MORLEY'S PROMISE," by Hesba Stretton, seems to us so true an example of the most unhealthy school of current novel-writing, that we are almost tempted to make it the text for a short homily—wishing that we had the space to preach at greater length and to better purpose on a subject that every lover of a sound and vigorous light literature must have very much at heart. Here is a story in which one John Morley, a grave, middle-aged, highly-cultivated, very melancholy, and generally gloomy book-seller, lives (of course) in a dark and dismal house, in a street with the same characteristics, and in a village with similar soul-chilling features—and, of course, is a Calvinistic church-member of the deepest indigo hue. He appears to

have occupied his time, previous to the opening of this pleasing narration, in training his little girl, Hester, into a perfect monster of gloomy and desperate precocity—a task in which he is assisted by a blighted book-binder, a certain Lawson, who works for him, and spends his leisure hours in perambulating a gloomy garret of the establishment, where he makes various incoherent remarks concerning the deceased Mrs. Morley, which would make the hair of any properly-constituted child stand on end, but apparently cause Hester no inconsiderable pleasure of a funeral kind. Suddenly (as any student of character must needs have foreseen), John Morley falls in love with and marries a young and giddy teacher rejoicing in the name of Rose Mary (perhaps out of respect to the general drug-like and apothecary's-shop characteristics of the whole book). Before his marriage he causes his daughter to go through a melodramatic ceremony of promising to be to her step-mother as though a child of her own (this we dimly conjecture to be Hester Morley's promise, though only the first of those she continues to make throughout the book). It is now perhaps needless to state to the experienced novel-reader that Rose Mary, upon whose bright spirit, etc., the gloom, etc., weighs, etc. (see current novels *passim*), soon after elopes with the rich and gifted Robert Waldron, after leaving behind her the note customary under the circumstances. No one will need to be told that this missive causes Morley to "fall heavily to the ground" when he reads it; likewise that it turns his hair gray, causes him to move listlessly, and his eyes to "glare in their sunken sockets," for a period of some years next ensuing. Nor would Hester Morley be at all true to the tenets of the modern school if she did not feel it incumbent upon her to do the martyr business; to grow up grave and generally disagreeable; to pathetically remember her promise at all sorts of inconvenient times. That Robert Waldron abandons Rose (or she him); that he returns from "abroad" with a "thick, brown beard," and at once falls in love with Hester, are points so obvious to the initiated that we barely allude to them. That the sepulchral Lawson should descend from his garret and knock Waldron on the head with an iron bar, may be less strictly natural, but is in excellent general keeping. That among the accessory characters there should soon appear a good young curate with ambitions and preternatural culture, is inevitable. The general reconciliation, the forgiveness of Rose's trifling peccadillo, Rose's gentle and poetic death, the sentiments on that occasion, etc., are so much matters of course that we should be laughed at for more than alluding to them. It wouldn't quite do, you know, to have Hester marry Robert Waldron; there would be a trifling lack of *consequence* about that (though we know writers who would have had it done at any cost); and so she is turned over to the curate. To marry your heroine to a curate brings you out of all imaginable difficulties. Thus, all the characters (except that unfortunate Rose, whom it would really have been awkward to have about) live happily forever after. We declared that we had thoughts of delivering a homily upon "Hester Morley's Promise;" on second thoughts we refrain; the book is a homily in itself—and we may add that, from all the indications we trace in the taste of contemporary readers, it will be widely perused and intensely enjoyed. (Dodd & Mead, publishers.)

The publication of a volume by Herbert Spencer must always be an important event in

the history of intellectual progress; and, although the "Studies of Sociology" have already reached a very large circle of readers through the pages of THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, the collective appearance of these remarkable essays in a permanent and convenient form not only brings them before the whole public, but gives them that added force which always belongs to argumentative writing when presented in its completeness rather than in installments. Messrs. Appleton & Co. have given the volume, in which they now present the "Studies," the same careful preparation which has marked all the preceding issues of the "International Scientific Series;" and the book is laid before the public in a shape that renders it attractive and accessible to all readers. Of the matter of the essays we have neither space nor wish to say more than has been said by leaders of thought all over the world in acknowledgment of Spencer's work. The contributions of one of the first philosophers of the time to our knowledge of a subject better deserving of study than almost any other, certainly need no other comment than that expression of pleasure and interest with which they will be everywhere received. This volume makes the fifth of the series of which it forms a part.

Agreeing with Mr. Richard Grant White, in the belief that English is decidedly a "grammarless language" — taking grammar in its ordinary sense — we are never disposed to attribute so much importance as is customary to works which continue the study of the old rules that have for generations been hammered into the brains of school-children. If the old routine method of teaching must be followed, however, it is better that this should be done in accordance with a sensible rather than an utterly illogical system; and that the intellect of the pupil should at least be led to believe that it has some part in the study. Professor William Swinton's "Language Lessons" (Harpers), seem to strive to promote this belief, and, though we find several grave faults in the text-book, we consider it a decided improvement on many of its now popular fellows.

The new holiday edition of Mr. Howells's "Chance Acquaintance," with illustrations by W. L. Sheppard, will have a warm welcome everywhere. A little more study, however, might have been spent by Mr. Sheppard before attempting to portray the typical Bostonian. In this we think he has failed. His pictures of Mr. Arbuton give that gentleman a somewhat hesitating and embarrassed air, and make him stand a little nervously, instead of with that consciousness of resting upon the firm basis of the everlasting hills, which your true modern Athenian betrays. We must also point out to Mr. Sheppard that no Bostonian, even in his wildest moments, could possibly have so far forgotten himself as to wear such a hat as is represented in the frontispiece to Mr. Howells's story.

"Birdie and his Fairy Friends," by Margaret T. Canby, is a bright little book of simple fairy stories, for children who haven't quite attained to the enjoyment of the "Arabian Nights," and other more mature literature of this most fascinating kind. "Birdie" belongs to the very youngest readers; and the book happily succeeds in giving them entertainment without prosiness, and without that cant which many writers think it necessary to pour forth upon all human beings, even from their birth.

Scientific Notes.

OUR readers are already familiar with the general character of the zoological station at Naples; and the labors of Dr. Anton Dohrn have been justly commended. As a chapter in the history of general scientific progress, and as an evidence that our efforts toward the establishment of an aquarium at Central Park are in the interest of science as well as for the instruction of the people, we offer the following interesting résumé of Dr. Dohrn's report before the British Association. The students of natural history cannot fail to see that efforts of this character are worthy of their hearty support, and it may not be amiss to request that those whose attention may be directed to it will forward to us any practical suggestions that will aid in the speedy consummation of the Central Park aquarium project. Though the Naples institution differs somewhat in character from an aquarium, yet it will be apparent that the latter presents claims in many ways similar, while there is added the important feature that with no expense the public are afforded advantages for general education, while the student has at command material and opportunity for special investigation. "In reading the report of Dr. Anton Dohrn on the zoological station established by him in the Bay of Naples, Mr. E. Ray Lankester explained that the naturalist studying marine zoology required to fix upon some locality on the seashore, carrying his microscope, or means of working with him, in order to pursue his studies on the spot. Many places on the seashore were, of course, better suited than others for such a purpose, and, of all, none were so favorable as some parts of the Mediterranean. For some years the zoologists of Germany had been in the habit of descending thence to make their researches, and it was in consequence of such study of marine forms that the doctrine of development had attained its present importance and basis in fact. For the prosecution of these researches there had hitherto been no organization. Every individual had acted on his own responsibility, each having to take his own apparatus, and go to any place he thought best, living in an hotel, and getting fishermen or anybody to help him. Three or four years ago Dr. Dohrn, of Vienna, devoted his energies to procuring the erection of some suitable accommodation on the coast of the Mediterranean, which should be accessible to naturalists of all countries for the purpose of prosecuting their studies. After contending with a variety of difficulties, he had at length succeeded in erecting and furnishing such a zoological station close to Naples. Its total cost had been about eleven thousand pounds, of which nine thousand had, up to the present, been borne entirely by Dr. Dohrn himself; but he hoped to be more or less reimbursed this amount by various sources of income. The scheme was not, however, a money speculation in the ordinary sense of the term. The report described the progress of the station and the support it had received by the letting of tables, etc., to various governments and universities for the purpose of investigation. The object of the station was to enable zoologists to pursue their studies with the most effect and the greatest economy of time, money, and labor."

The English scholars are again at war with the government, and the contest seems likely to be as earnest as that which marked the Hooker discussion, full reports of which were then given to our readers. This new bone of

contention is the South Kensington Museum. In a recent report of Mr. Henry Cole's inaugural address before the Hanly School of Art, the speaker stated that "this organization, which had borne such great fruits, and which was so highly prized by the nation, and was so indispensable to the commercial and social progress of the country, was in jeopardy. The government contemplated changes which were directly opposed to the further development of the science and art department." The difficulty appears to be that it is proposed to transfer the management of the institution from its present individual head to the trustees of the British Museum, who, it seems, have been remiss in their present duties, and may not, therefore, be trusted to properly apply "the amount of hundreds of thousands to science and art." Whatever may be the faults of the English Government, they may not certainly be accused of a lack of generosity; and, when the editor of *Nature* cites this proposed change as "another instance of the ignorant action of government in all matters appertaining to science," we would venture to suggest that, if they are in earnest in the cause of science, they adopt our American plan of making her institutions self-supporting. This can never be done so long as directors and societies have so free an access to the public treasury. Surely England, whose bishops own whole counties, and many of whose legislators are richer than the government they serve, should have little difficulty in obtaining from private sources endowments and legacies sufficient to make their educational institutions independent of men and ministries.

We are indebted to Mr. W. A. Conklin, Director of the Central Park menagerie, for the following condensed report of Dr. Holder's expedition to the coast of Maine during the last summer:

The United States Fishery Commission, of which Professor S. F. Baird is chief, had very successful "field operations" this season in the waters of Casco Bay, Maine, Pease's Island, and Portland, being the headquarters. Dr. I. B. Holder, of the American Museum of Natural History, accompanied the commission on their annual trip this summer, for the purpose of procuring a series of the fishes common to the coasts of the northern United States, and having especially in view the selection of characteristic or fair representative specimens of that section, preparatory to obtaining eventually a full series of the fishes of our whole coast.

A large number of invertebrates were obtained, the urchins and the starfishes of the shores, and a multitude of the smaller forms by deep dredging. One species of starfish (*Ctenodiscus*) found heretofore very sparsely in stomachs of fishes, was dredged by the bushel, and a specimen of the mola, or sunfish, was captured, from which were taken several interesting species of parasites with barnacles growing upon them. The curious penella may be mentioned as one of this species. Interesting forms of actinia, or sea-anemones, and numerous species of *Hydroid polyps*, were also obtained.

It is worthy of mention that some fish, such as the tomcod, sea-perch, and other forms, do not attain their full size south of Cape Ann. In the colder waters of the Bay of Fundy these species are even larger than in Casco Bay.

In referring to the recent unsuccessful attempt to transport one hundred tons of frozen meat from Australia to London, the *English Mechanic* attributes the failure mainly to the fact that the fittings of the vessel were not

completed till too late to permit of a preliminary trial. Owing to a leakage in the apparatus designed for securing the circulation of the cold brine, together with an unexpected wastage of ice, the greater portion of the meat was thrown overboard on the thirty-fourth day out, followed later by the remainder of the cargo. Hence this plan may be regarded as a complete failure. If we are not mistaken, a somewhat similar attempt to transport meat from Texas to New York was hardly less successful.

Those of our readers who have read of Captain Verne's voyage of "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," in the good ship *Nautilus*, will be pleased to learn, no doubt, that the fancy of Verne's may yet become a fact. It is announced from Cronstadt that a submarine vessel is in course of construction at that port which bids fair to rival the mythical captain's bold venture. Instead of electricity as a motor, this new vessel is to be propelled by two air-engines, and not only can it descend to any desired depth, but can so direct its course as to enable the affixing of torpedoes to the hulls of a hostile fleet, and then draw off and await their total destruction.

It is announced in the *American Naturalist* that the first award of the grand Walker prize of one thousand dollars, was voted by the council of the Boston Society of Natural History to Mr. Alexander Agassiz, of Cambridge, for investigations on the embryology, structure, and geographical distribution of the Radiates, and especially on the Echinoderms, and the publication of the results, as embodied in his recent work. The annual Walker prize for 1873 was, at the same meeting, awarded to A. S. Packard, for his essay on the development of the common horse-fly.

The Cincinnati Acclimation Society, having been successful in introducing the English skylark into Southern Ohio, have determined to attempt the acclimatization of the European titmouse. This latter little bird is considered abroad as a sworn and successful foe of insects injurious to vegetation.

The effect of change of soil upon the color of plants was recently illustrated by the transplanting of a *Lilium cordon* into heath-soil, the result being a change in the color of the flower from sulphur-yellow to red.

We learn from foreign sources that Sir Samuel and Lady Baker have accepted the invitation from the New York Geographical Society to visit this city during the coming summer.

ADDITIONS TO THE CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE AND MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 8, 1873.

Additions to Menagerie.

- 1 Red-shouldered Hawk (*Buteo lineatus*). Presented by Mr. Henry Steiaway.
- 1 Deer (*Ovis virginianus*). Received in exchange.
- 1 Horned Toad (*Phrynosoma cornuta*). Presented by Miss Nina Worth.

W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

Additions to Museum.

- 3 Nests of the Trap-door Spider (*Nemesia elegantula*). Presented by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Andrews.
 - 1 Large Starfish. Presented by Mr. Charles Drake. Photograph of the late Prince Maximilian of Mexico. Presented by Mr. Frederick Schuchardt.
- A. S. BUCKMONT, Superintendent.

Sayings and Doings at Home and Abroad.

THE Hon. S. S. Cox entertained the New Yorkers, a short time since, with a lecture on Irish wit and humor, in which, as might be expected, there were given an abundant number of illustrations of his subject. One was a story of the Irishman who, on his death-bed, sought to offset his confession to the priest of numberless crimes by declaring that he had once converted a Jew, who died in the faith. The priest eagerly inquired how that was brought about. "Well, you see," said the dying man, "I was once on a flat-boat in the Mississippi River. We were tied up to a big cotton-wood tree, and all the crew were off hunting for water-melons except a Jew and myself. He made me mad, and I knocked him off the boat into the river, on the outside. He floundered around in the muddy water for a few minutes, and got hold of the gunwales of the boat to climb back. I took his hands, and, unclasping them from the boat, said, 'Do you believe in the Saviour?' 'No,' said he. Then I soused him under, and kept him there a minute or so. I pulled him up by the hair of his head. 'Do you believe in the Saviour?' I asked him again. As soon as he had breath, he said 'No' again, and I soused him under. When I brought him up again he was spouting, and, when I asked him a third time, 'Do you believe in the Saviour?' he answered, as soon as he could get breath, 'Yes, I do.' 'Then die in the faith,' said I, and I soused him under again, and held him down until he was drowned. He never had a chance to recant his conversion."

It is a fact very familiar to newspaper editors that sometimes it happens that there is no news whatever, and also that, notwithstanding this destitution, the various news departments must be kept full. Under such circumstances it is that the real talent of an editor displays itself, and a good story is told of Mr. Bennett, now dead, but once city editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. His regular plan, when news was scarce, was to make small children—offspring of the brain alone—fall from the Newport ferry-boat into the Ohio River, where they would certainly have perished had they not been rescued by some gallant by-stander, who always proved to be a personal friend of Mr. Bennett. One of these friends, a Mr. Kellum, who had several times figured as the savior of drowning innocents, got tired of the distinction, and demanded that the joke should not be repeated. He was assured that his request would be complied with, and complied with it was; for he read in the next day's *Enquirer* that, on the previous day, a beautiful little girl, child of a prominent citizen of Newport, had fallen into the river; and that Mr. Kellum, who was standing near and could have rescued her from a watery grave, refused to render the slightest assistance. Naturally, Mr. Kellum betook himself to the *Enquirer* office, where he arrived boiling with rage, and proceeded to make the most severe threats as to what he would do to Mr. Bennett if this pleasantry continued. Mr. Bennett, however, pulled off his coat, and said: "See here, Kellum, you are a good enough fellow in your way, but I can't stand any interference with my department. If I make any statement in the *Enquirer*, you mustn't come round here contradicting it. That isn't journalism."

A writer in *Chambers's Journal* vouches for the following cat-story: "A family in one of the northern outskirts of London were a good deal annoyed with the frequent robbery of their larder, a small out-house behind their dwelling. Legs of lamb and other articles were devoured or carried off, and no one could tell how. The theft was a mystery. One of the servants determined to discover the delinquent. She accordingly watched, and one night found that the thieves were a set of cats belonging to the neighborhood. The larder had a latch which had to be pressed down in opening the door. No cat could properly press it down by springing from the ground. There was, however, an adjoining wall, from which cats might leap and risk the depression of the latch as they successively passed. This was what they did: they leaped from the wall, one

after the other, each trying to depress the latch as it passed, until one cat, more fortunate than the others, made the needful depression with its paw. The door immediately was opened, and a leg of mutton, which had been the object of the siege, was secured, and eaten all but the bones."

The *Saturday Review* says: "A common supposition among your aspirants to social rank seems to be that lofty breeding is best seen in a uniformly passionless and vacuous arrangement of the facial muscles. To appear interested in any object in his environment strikes the pseudo-aristocrat as a pitiable infirmity of vulgar minds. The ways in which this curious self-imposed check acts are at times very funny. We remember hearing Macready give a series of readings to a fashionably-dressed assembly in a small provincial town, and we were much struck by the almost heroic efforts which many of the company made to conceal the emotion so powerfully aroused by the tragedian's art. Possibly English people are less impressible by scenic display and music than Continental nations. Whether this be so or not, it is very curious to contrast the perfectly apathetic aspect of an assembly at Covent Garden with the lively demonstrations of an audience at a Paris opera, or the deep, earnest absorption of the worshippers of Wagner at Berlin or Munich."

The *New-York Tribune*, in its obituary notice of Louis Gaylord Clarke, says of the periodical with which he was so long identified: "The *Knickerbocker Magazine* was the field in which many of the writers who are now withdrawing from active service won their spurs. In contrast with the American magazines of to-day, the *Knickerbocker* must seem tame, and certainly the spirit of it was at once of a more youthful and of a more sedate character than that of the modern periodical of either England or America. Its fragrance was the fragrance of lavendered linen in old household chests, of the damask-roses of old gardens for which there is now no market, and its charm was in a faded reminiscence of silk stockings, hair-powder,

'Of tea-cup times, of hood and hoop,
And when the peach was worn.'"

It is reported that, in the State of Ohio, a strange discovery has just been made. An old tree having been broken to pieces by lightning, the fragments of a skeleton and a portion of a portfolio were found among the debris. The portfolio contained an almost illegible document, which showed that the remains were those of Captain Roger Vanderberg, a companion of Washington, who, in a march against the Indians, was wounded and taken prisoner, on the 2d of November, 1761. Having succeeded in escaping, he took refuge in a hollow tree, but, unfortunately, could not get out again. He passed the last hours of his life in writing his journal, from which it appears he must have lived eleven days in his terrible imprisonment.

The same processes to which we have long been accustomed in Shakespearean critics is now being applied to Mr. Tennyson, and one of the current English monthlies—*St. Paul's*—devotes an entire article to "the evidences of botanical knowledge" to be found in Tennyson's works. "These allusions," it says, "are more numerous, and show more insight, and acquaintance with the forms, and processes, and changes characteristic of the inhabitants of the forest, than those of any other modern author. His verse in this respect differs from other descriptive poetry chiefly in this, that his notices are not general appellations or similitudes applicable equally to any or all trees, but are specific, exact, and true only in the particular case."

The population of New York is more dense than that of any other city in the world. We have half the population of Paris in about one-third of its area; about one-third of the population of London with one-sixth of its area. Compared with other American cities, the contrast is still more striking. Philadelphia, which has two-thirds of our population, has six times our territory; Boston spreads her quarter of a million over a much larger area than our million occupy. In the thickly-crowded portion of the city, inhabited by the poor, the relation of numbers to space is greater than in any of the oldest cities of civilization.

The following anecdote of Landseer is worth recording, as showing the geniality and charitableness of his character: Not very long before his fatal illness he was induced to attend a bazaar, held for some benevolent object: "As the circuit of the town where the bazaar took place was being made, a lady friend is said to have asked the painter how he was going to help them. Sir Edwin answered, 'I think I can try to help you,' and, asking for a sheet of paper and a pencil, he rapidly sketched a dog. Placing his initials in the corner, he handed back the picture to the young lady. The sketch was subsequently raffled for, and thereby a handsome addition was made to the funds collected during the day."

In his recently-published diary, Moscheles records an amusing instance of the perplexities which "slang" causes to learners of English. "To-day," he writes, "I was asked at dessert which fruit of those on the table I would prefer. 'Some sneers,' I replied, ingeniously. The company first of all were surprised, and then burst into laughter when they guessed the process by which I had arrived at the expression. I, who at that time had to construe my English laboriously out of dialogue-books and dictionaries, had found that 'not to care a fig' meant 'to sneer at a person,' so when I wanted to ask for figs, fig and sneer I thought were synonymous."

The *Pull Mall Gazette* has an article on "Adulterated Houses," which begins this way: "Most of our disease, and a great deal of our crime, comes from a single source. Men and women are unhealthy because they live in unwholesome houses; they have recourse to drink partly because the act of getting it takes them out of their houses, and so is in itself attractive, and partly because the physical depression caused by ill-health makes a stimulant of any kind unnaturally grateful; drinking begets drunkenness, and when that stage is reached, crime follows in many cases as a matter of course."

Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace complains that scientific men are too timid in their speculations concerning the antiquity of the human race, and especially objects to the fallacy of always preferring the lowest estimate, in order to be "on the safe side." He declares that all the evidence tends to show that the safe side is with the larger figures, and fixes upon the "sum of half a million as representing the years that have probably elapsed since flints of human workmanship were buried in the lowest deposits of Kent's Cavern," discovered lately at Torquay.

M. Strakosch and M. Merelli, the most influential theatrical managers in Europe, have, it is reported, entered into an important partnership. At present they work together the opera-houses of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and the *Paris Italiens*; the San Carlo, Naples, is shortly to be added to their list, and others will follow. They propose to absorb the principal opera-houses of the Continent, in order, by coalition, to do away with the exorbitant salaries now demanded by *prime-donne*.

We learn, by a recent letter from China, that the Great Northern Telegraph Company have erected a line to Woonung, and have opened a telegraph-station there, from which messages of twenty words will be sent to Shanghai for one dollar. This seems a small matter, but it is a beginning of a great revolution, and the first step toward the introduction of the telegraph throughout China.

A *propos* of a recent police case, in which a woman's life was saved by her having on a large chignon, the *Pull Mall Gazette* says: "Chignons, instead of being merely senseless disfigurements, are most valuable as head-protectors; and certainly no married woman in these days, when the chopper and the poker are so often used to adjust domestic differences, should ever be without one."

It seems that the Norwegian fishermen take a telescope out with them to sea, and this they use to look down into the water for fish ere they cast their nets. Will not one of our optimists contrive something of the kind for river-anglers, and save them those many hours of waiting—fishing, as they too often are, without a fish within hail?

Fears of the failure of the quinine supply may soon be laid aside, and the future is not utterly dark for victims of the "shakes." Vast plantations of the cinchona plant are now growing in India, and the Dutch Government has given orders for planting two million trees in Java.

In the ninth book of his "Parisians," which he intended to publish anonymously, Bulwer sets the following little trap to catch the critics: "There is somewhere in Lord Lytton's writings—writings so numerous that I may be pardoned if I cannot remember where—a critical definition of the difference between dramatic and narrative art of story."

A critic in one of the London weeklies speaks rather favorably of a new piece at the Court Theatre, but adds that "dramatic realism hardly requires that a manager should fill the house with the smell of onions for the sake of giving a vivid representation of a working-man's dinner."

Senator Sumner says that, of all the men whom he met while abroad none impressed him more favorably than M. Thiers, whom he regards as a model for the youth of France. He thinks Mr. Gladstone is the greatest statesman England has ever had; that he is a man of grand abilities and magnificent attainments.

Punch says: "The *Ceylon Observer* suggests that 'the Prince of Kandy would be a right royal title to bestow, say on the second son of the Prince of Wales—the little Prince George.' Our candid opinion is that the little prince himself (born June 8, 1865) might prefer to be Prince of Sugar Kandy."

Near the Italian gate, at Pompeii, has been excavated for the first time a tanner's shop, with all the instruments of the trade within it. These are very similar to those which are used in the trade at the present day.

It is announced that one of Mr. Dickens's sons, not the eldest, having shown himself a remarkably effective reader in semi-private performances and charitable entertainments, is about to read in public on his own account.

One of the London comic papers is cruel enough to say: "The ex-prince imperial is raising a mustache. His friends use a field-glass."

The *London Spectator* regards John Bright as "by far the greatest orator of our times."

The *Tribune* calls Massachusetts "the State where thanksgiving was discovered."

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

NOVEMBER 7.—Intelligence that the tribunal at Santiago de Cuba, before which the prisoners captured in the Virginus were brought, condemned Bernabé Varona, Pedro Cespedes, Jesus Del Sol, and General Ryan to death, and that they were shot on the 4th inst.

Death, at Philadelphia, of Samuel W. Jones, aged 92 years, well-known citizen of that city; also, at the same place, of Rev. Father G. F. Heyer, M. D., aged 81, chaplain of the Lutheran Theological Seminary.

NOVEMBER 8.—Ceremonies at Turin attending the completion of a monument to Cavour.

Intelligence of a great victory by the Carlists near Miranda de Arga, in Navarre. But this report has since been contradicted.

Death, at Biarritz, France, of Daoud Paasha, a Turkish statesman.

NOVEMBER 9.—Intelligence from Paris that Marshal MacMahon is to be called "President of the Republic," and his term of office limited to five years.

NOVEMBER 10.—Report that the schooner Gilbert Mollison was lost in the gales on Lake Michigan, October 27th, with all on board.

Announcement of the death of Mrs. General Robert E. Lee, at Alexandria, Va., on the 6th inst.

Advices from Havana report that the insurgents have been again defeated, with a loss of twenty killed and eighty taken prisoners. All the prisoners were shot on the field of battle.

Intelligence that General Luperon, the Santo-Domingo revolutionist, is again in command of the insurgent forces.

Report that, undeterred by the fate of the prisoners captured on the Virginus, another large Cuban expedition is being organized in New York.

NOVEMBER 11.—Reports from Paris say that an extensive plot in favor of Count de Paris had been discovered.

Announcement of the death of Abd-el-Kader, the African chieftain, famous for his wars against the French. In 1848 he capitulated to Marshal Bugeaud, and remained a prisoner in the hands of the French until 1852, when he was released by Louis Napoleon, on condition that he would never again oppose French rule in Africa. Born in 1807.

Boiler-explosion in Harlem, N. Y.; seven persons killed.

NOVEMBER 12.—Report of another battle in Spain between Carlists and Republicans; the former victorious.

The Prussian Diet assembled. Count von Roon deposed as secretary of war; intimation that Lieutenant-General von Kameke will succeed him.

Intelligence that, on the 7th inst., the captain of the steamer Virginus, recently captured by the Spanish war-vessel Tornado, and thirty-six of the crew, were executed at Santiago de Cuba; and, on the 8th inst., twelve more of the Cuban captives were shot. Among the victims are Captain Fry, a citizen of the United States; Francisco Alfaro, a wealthy Cuban; Colonel Santa Rosa, a veteran Cuban; Erminio Quesada, young son of General Manuel Quesada; Colonel Juan Aguero, Cuban planter; Enrique Castellanos, lieutenant-colonel in the Cuban army.

Rumors of the fitting out of American vessels-of-war—the Juniata, the Powhatan, the Kansas, and the Osage—for the Cuban waters. Inasmuch as the Virginus was captured while sailing under American colors, difficulties with Spain are anticipated. Rumors that the United States Government has sent imperative telegrams to the Spanish Government, declaring that it would hold Spain to the strictest account for any damage to American citizens or property.

Death, at Pensacola, Fla., of Stephen B. Mallory, formerly United States Senator from Florida, and later secretary of navy of the Confederate States.

Gold 107½.

Notices.

WHAT SO FINE AND APPROPRIATE for a Christmas or New-Year's present for the children as that new and splendid game, "Aviude, or Game of Birds," with its thirty-two beautiful pictures of birds and thirty-two descriptions? Unequaled as a game. A continued source of enjoyment and instruction. Sold by all dealers, or sent post-paid, on receipt of seventy-five cts., by WEST & LEE, Worcester, Mass.

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